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THE CZAR AND CZARINA, WITH THEIR DAUGHTER, THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA.
THE LATEST PORTRAITS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

After the death of a popular author it often happens that someone starts the theory that his best works, or perhaps all of them, were written by somebody else. This is even done while he is alive, as in George Eliot's case and many others, but it is generally reserved till an interval has elapsed after his decease, so that contradiction shall not be easy. In Shakspeare's case centuries expired before it was discovered that Bacon was our greatest dramatist. This idea, however, had at least the advantage of substituting one great man for another. The same, in a less degree, may be said of the absurd delusion that George Cruikshank suggested "Oliver Twist." But usually the new pretender is some person whom nobody ever heard of. The last imaginary author of this description is introduced to the public in Major Leonard's work upon Rhodesia "A rollicking, jovial Irishman" (not a very good authority, one would have thought, for an improbable statement) assured the Major that Charles Lever did not write his own novels, but that they were composed by his brother, who, being a clergyman, did not wish to be thought the author of such racy productions. He was curate to the father of his informant, who advanced this claim with such earnestness and eloquence that the Major seems to have become a convert. It is probable that neither of these gentlemen was very well acquainted with Lever's works, which perhaps more than those of any other novelist bear the impress of the scenes he happens to have visited or in which at different times he made his home. It is possible that an Irish curate could have written "Harry Lorrequer," but quite out of the question that he could have written "The Daltons." As a general rule we may take it for granted that all posthumous statements about authors suggesting they did not write what is universally ascribed to them are not to be taken even with a pinch of salt.

The sensational incident recorded of the railway signalman who sacrificed the life of his child rather than neglect his duty has been shown to be erroneous. It is quite sufficient in the way of self-abnegation that the poor mother imperilled her own life on behalf of her infant, and in vain; indeed, I am not sure, notwithstanding the nobility which without doubt would have belonged to the man's action had the case been as supposed, but that it is a relief to feel that this deed of heroism was not accomplished—that he did not see what was happening to his dear ones at the time of its occurrence. Human love is too delicate to stand such strains upon it, too tender to be exposed to such frightful alternatives. If it were a case of self-sacrifice only, there would not be two opinions about the matter; but to give the life of those we love for strangers, even if they be our own fellow-countrymen, is an action that may well give us pause. One wonders how far the consideration of numbers would affect the matter. To take the supposed case of the signalman for example, it is possible he might have made the sacrifice imputed to him to save a whole trainful of people, but not to save two men in charge of a solitary engine. There is no one who sympathises with the poor Armenians more than I do; indeed, if I had my way the Shadow would have been shorter by a head by this time. It may not be in accordance with diplomatic precedent, but I cannot help thinking that in dealing with cases of Eastern atrocities which are the result of misgovernment, it would be better to proceed to this extremity with the chief cause at once, instead of using protests and things. Yet, for all my sympathy, I confess I would not sacrifice those dear and near to me for all the Armenians in Europe and Asia, nor, indeed (which shows that one is not a victim to mere prejudice), for all the Moslems into the bargain.

The nature of an abnegation is always open to some suspicion when it does not include oneself. The greatest judge of human nature who ever ruled a nation, Abraham Lincoln, expressed, we know, a very unfavourable opinion of the fellow-citizen who at the beginning of the Civil War offered to sacrifice for the Northern cause "all his able-bodied relations." By less intelligent persons the motives of this kind of generosity are apt to be thought more highly of than they deserve. Brutus, for example, was an instance of it: he is supposed by the vulgar, and also by some who ought to know better, to have acted, not only patriotically, but in the most unselfish manner, in condemning his sons. But, as a matter of fact (and I plume myself on having been the first to point this out), those young gentlemen not only conspired against the State, but in their programme the assassination of the Consuls was included, and Brutus himself was one of the Consuls. This seems to me to put a totally different complexion on his behaviour.

Though there is no excuse for the constant delays on the short railway lines in the neighbourhood of London, the case is different with the long journey trains. I am told on the best authority that these are produced in the latter case, and especially in the holiday season, by the much greater amount of luggage with which passengers now think it necessary to travel. It is the putting these impedimenta into the vans which prevents the trains from starting at the proper time

from the stations. Even when time is allowed for stopping, as the eight minutes at Bristol for example, it is quite insufficient for stowing away these articles. It is the ladies (whispers the authority) who are chiefly to blame for it. Their trunks have become Noah's arks of late years, and have also increased in numbers. No one who has stood on the platform of a great station and watched the proceedings can doubt this. The scene is very similar to that beheld in the neighbourhood of an ant-hill. The porters run hither and thither like those weight-carrying insects, who, if they had but trucks, would carry away everything from the earth's surface and leave it bare. Now and then they come upon an object (one of the Noah's arks) too much for them, and leave it to the last, in hopes that some bigger fool will tackle it. Then two or three take it together, upside down or anyhow (just like the ants with a stick), and hurl it with a combined heave into the luggage-van; but in the meanwhile they have lost a minute or two, and there are more arks. I am requested to lay this statement before the British public by one who ought by his position to be well acquainted with the facts. It is a mistake to suppose that the introduction of luncheon-baskets with their contents has made any appreciable difference in the delays.

There is a rumour—a haunting rumour—set afloat, perhaps, by the spiritualistic journals, that three-volume novels have been resuscitated. As in most cases of a similar kind, the evidence is conflicting, but some persons go so far as to say that they have seen them, probably in sheets—winding sheets. Unlike the common (but rarely garden) spook they make no disturbance. Even in their lifetimes they were most of them, to borrow a not very complimentary phrase from the Row, exceedingly "quiet"; but the report has naturally caused some sensation in the book world. I notice the old arguments are advanced that this form of publication tempted authors to beat their gold out too thin; but as a matter of fact a six-shilling novel in one volume often holds as much as was contained in the old form: "Lorna Doone," for example, is no shorter, one is glad to say, than it used to be. Of the dead, whether resuscitated or not, one wishes to say nothing to their disadvantage, but it must be admitted that as regards three volumes and one there is in the former case thrice the risk of loss. Among the minor miseries one knows few things more disagreeable than to find that the third volume of a novel in which one has become interested has disappeared. It may be urged, on the other hand, that the three volumes may give pleasure to three people at once, but this is an argument that only appeals to angels; the idea of waiting for a third volume till some tardy reader has done with it is hardly to be entertained by a genuine lover of fiction.

There are no organs of publication which in the present day more "go in for" novelties, as the phrase goes, or are more successful in astonishing their readers, than the medical journals. Their usual line is to detect in some favourite edible, or popular amusement, or occupation which has been pursued for ages without thought of harm, some deadly ingredient, which, to borrow from the Eton vocabulary, "you may put in your eye and see none the worse for it." One of these periodicals, tired of ringing the alarm-bell, has now set itself to arrange the hours at which Death is usually understood to be most busy. It assigns to him in this the "equal foot" which the poet has attributed to him in another sense. From careful observations made in hospitals, it shows that he visits us with the same frequency during the twenty-four hours of the day. There is a little cessation between seven and eleven in the evening, but that is the only exception. Whether this be true or not, it is certainly contrary to the experience of less up-to-date observers, and to the record of former times.

A writer in the *Quarterly Review*, discussing this subject two generations ago, not contenting himself with the testimony of medical experts, ascertained the hours of death in no less than 2880 instances, of all ages; the population from which the data was derived being a mixed population in every respect, and the deaths occurring during a series of years. If their decease had occurred indifferently at any hour, one hundred and twenty would have occurred every hour. The result of his investigations is very different. "There are two hours in which the proportion was remarkably below this, from midnight to one o'clock, when the deaths were 53 per cent. below the average, and from noon to one o'clock, when they were 20½ per cent. below! The maximum of deaths is from five to six a.m., when it is 40 per cent. above the average, and the next during the hour before midnight, when it is 25 per cent. in excess. The least mortality," he concludes, "is during the midday hours, namely, from ten to three o'clock, the greatest during early morning hours, from three to six." The inference of the latter was shown more strikingly in the case of children under five years old, about one third of the total deaths recorded: at all the hours from two to ten they were above the mean, attaining their maximum at from five to six o'clock, when it was 45 per cent. above the average. Where doctors differ who shall decide? Still, it would be interesting to know whether the old or the new observers are correct. From

the layman's point of view, the dark hours seem certainly more appropriate for the visit of "the Shadow feared of man" than those of midday; and the aspiration of the poet "to cease upon the midnight with no pain" appears a natural one.

It is pretty certain that the idea that we are likely to die precipitates "the inevitable hour"; indeed, it has so often done so that it is sometimes called a premonition. Ozanam, the mathematician, though in perfect health, was seized with this belief, and at once rejected all applications from those who would have sent him students. It is impossible to conceive a stronger case of conviction in a tutor who took pupils, and he expired almost immediately from an apoplectic attack. Fletcher, the divine, ordered his tomb with the remark: "Be quick about it, for there is no time to lose," and yet they were not quick enough. When contemplating Weston's picture, Foote observed: "Poor Weston! Soon shall others say, 'Poor Foote!'" and the prophecy brought about its own fulfilment. Everyone knows how Hogarth broke his palette and exclaimed, "I have finished!" John Hunter explains the whole matter: "We sometimes feel within ourselves that we shall not live, for the living powers become weak, and the nerves communicate the intelligence to the brain." All doctors tell us that the patient who fears he will die is in a more perilous case than one equally ill who thinks he will "get over it." At the same time, alas! it is to be noted that the mere wish to die in those who are overwhelmed with pain or decrepitude, or the remembrance of happier things, brings death no nearer by a hair's-breadth.

Some remarkable colonies have been already established in the United States, but none more curious than that which is announced to have its dwelling-place in North Dakota. It will consist entirely of habitual drunkards, twenty-one of whom, with their families, are emigrating thither from Indiana. They have purchased two thousand acres of land, and each will receive an allotment of about fifty acres. It is not stated whether they are reformed or unreformed, but one gathers that they have no intention of altering their habits. Their object seems to be to indulge them under the most favourable circumstances. They say they will establish a "model drunkard colony." This means, one supposes, that there are to be no private houses, but all "publics"; and that rum shrub will be grown in the gardens. The climate is peculiarly adapted for the purposes of the colonists; there is a "nipping air."

Though it is a poet's computation that—

Every minute dies a man

Every minute one is born,

it is not, strange to say, an exaggerated one; he might have said seconds instead of minutes with no damage to the truth or to his metre. We are all aware that such is the fact, but it will surprise a good many people to learn that the statement that every day in England a man dies by his own hand would fall far short of the truth. Last year there were 2764 suicides in the United Kingdom. The average has been steadily rising. A recent writer has given various reasons for this deplorable circumstance. "The impairment of the force of old moral restraints, the increasing strain of civilisation upon the weak and self-indulgent, the fostering of self-consciousness, the multiplied temptations to give rein to egotism and vanity, and the growing reluctance to endure a life of healthy obscurity." These explanations are philosophical, but suicides have very little to do with philosophy. The old notion that persons who put an end to their own lives are necessarily mad is utterly exploded. In the last Government return respecting this matter it is remarked that in quite 90 per cent. of the cases the suicides were only found to be insane because they had committed suicide. "The view of coroners' juries is simply a compassionate fiction." The letters that suicides are in the habit of leaving behind them are, indeed, often of a very sensible kind, not convincing to the living, but giving what, no doubt, seem adequate reasons to themselves for shuffling off this mortal coil. The causes for the great increase of this crime are probably different from the above vague explanations. They take for granted that there is something amiss in the self-slayers themselves which did not exist in previous generations. Human nature, however, is pretty much what it was, nor in any other direction does the faculty of endurance show any signs of failure. The excess of "the last refuge of despair" may surely be more easily accounted for in other ways. First, by the increased difficulty in obtaining employment. In many of these sad cases we find indeed this reason given in the poor wretches' last written words. He not only cannot earn bread for his family, but in place of being their bread-winner has even become a burden to them. He therefore leaves a world that has no need of him. There seems little "vanity" or "egotism" in such farewells. Secondly, among the upper classes the restraint which the forfeiture of their insurance used to impose on persons meditating suicide has in many cases been removed; the newer companies either do not exact this penalty at all, or not after the expiration of the first six months.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

On the earliest possible occasion I hope to describe at length the superb production of Shakspeare's "Cymbeline," prepared by Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum under the sympathetic and watchful eye of Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A. There will be much to say as to the scenic beauties, the archaeological accuracy, and the taste displayed in every department. It would not surprise me if the lovely scene of the sleeping Imogen, scarcely disturbed in her dreams by Iachimo, who has crept stealthily out of the trunk to gaze upon incomparable beauty and to deliver one of the most exquisite rhapsodies ever written by Shakspeare, suggested a subject to many a painter. And it is not too much to say that the scene where the outcast lads wait out their threnody over the body of Fidele, scattering it meanwhile with flowers, is one of the most imaginative and beautiful that has escaped from the fertile brain of the artistic manager of the Lyceum. It would astonish me very much if Ellen Terry's Imogen were not universally declared as the very best of her Shaksperian heroines as yet. I say "as yet" advisedly, for after this enchanting Fidele we must have Rosalind, and after that all the boy-women of Shakspeare. As Fidele the clock of time is put back by the delightful actress a good quarter of a century, and she is as young now as when she played Viola. Much also will have to be said of Sir Henry Irving's fine and original study of Iachimo, which is as startling as it is impressive, another superb figure for his well-filled Shaksperian gallery. The Queen of Miss Geneviève Ward; the Belarius of that fine old actor of the Phelps period at Sadler's Wells, Frederick Robinson; the Posthumus of Frank Cooper; the Lucius of Cooper Cliffe; the Cloten of Norman Forbes; and the brothers of Benjamin Webster and Gordon Craig, the son of Ellen Terry, will all be included in the catalogue of good things to be seen at the Lyceum, where "Richard III." will be revived when he is wanted, and that will not be for many months to come.

The new drama, "The Duchess of Coolgardie," introduced to Drury Lane by John Coleman for the edification of the autumn patrons of the theatre, is certainly one that would have secured the attention of the late Sir Augustus Harris. It is a picturesque, showy, fairly interesting, and workmanlike kind of play, belonging rather to the past than the present. The distinct merits of the new Drury Lane play consist of what is called stagecraft—or a knowledge of theatrical grammar, as it were—first-class stage management (as was natural with a play presided over by such an experienced actor and stage-manager as John Coleman), charming stage pictures, and all-round good acting. It is the first time, so far as I can remember, that the scene of a long and complicated melodrama has been laid entirely in an English colony. Upon me personally this innovation had a strange effect. I was affected with a secret "nostalgia," and when Mr. John Shine got married and settled down in a new hotel at Perth, Western Australia, and when the charming Miss Hilda Spong made up her differences with Mr. Charles Glenney and countermanded her passage by the Union Line, I felt quite sorry.

Australia has sent us, amongst many good things, such as successful mining shares and cricketers, one who seems to be a very valuable actress. I allude to Miss Hilda Spong, who may be seen in the new drama at Drury Lane. Now, she possesses the very quality that most of our beautiful actresses lack. She possesses the true emotional quality. She is tall, thin, fair, with impressive features and a beautiful voice, and she has been well taught. She will be better taught still if she remains in England, and will put herself under some experienced counsellor. There is another very fine, highly intelligent, and effective performance in the new play. I mean the Australian dandy by Miss Laura Johnson, attacked and executed in splendid style. Here was real character. The actress was effaced. It was the boldest thing done in the play. Mr. Charles Glenney, Mr. Vandervelt, and Mr. Lowne all distinguished themselves, and a warm welcome was given to that student-actor, Mr. Hermann Vezin, who gave distinction to the drama.

VISIT OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA.

There was an especial fitness in the arrival of the Emperor and Empress of Russia within our gates, and the consequent assemblage of a brilliant gathering of royal and distinguished personages at Balmoral on the eve of the Queen's attainment of the longest reign in English history. Although the visit is a private one, of the nature of a family reunion rather than a State function, its concurrence with a most critical moment in European politics has inevitably surrounded it with a peculiar, even an international importance. Shortly before ten o'clock on the morning of Sept. 22 the Russian imperial yacht *Standart* arrived in

Leith roadstead, bearing from Copenhagen the Czar of All the Russias and his imperial consort, the latter a most welcome guest to English hearts, not only as Empress of Russia, but as the daughter of our lamented Princess Alice. The Channel Squadron lay off Leith to receive the imperial yacht, whose arrival was greeted by a salute of twenty-one guns. A few moments earlier the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, Lord Rosebery, and the Russian Ambassador, embarked on the *Tantallon Castle* to meet the Queen's guests, and went on board the *Standart*, where the royal and imperial party subsequently sat down to luncheon. After the meal the English Princes conducted the Czar and Czarina on board the *Tantallon Castle*, which then carried their Majesties into Leith Harbour. Unfortunately, a heavy rain deprived the scene of much of its possible brilliance, but bad weather failed to damp the enthusiasm of the municipal reception given to their Imperial Majesties when they had landed. A great shed close to the landing jetty had been transformed into a gaily decorated pavilion in which the Czar and Czarina were received by the civic authorities of Edinburgh and Leith, and a number of distinguished persons, including the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and Lord Walter Kerr, Vice-Admiral of the Fleet. After addresses of welcome had been presented, their Majesties drove to the Junction Road Station in a State carriage, drawn by four horses, ridden by postillions



MEETING OF THE QUEEN AND THE CZAR OF RUSSIA AT BALMORAL.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.

and preceded by outriders. All along the route taken by the procession was assembled a dense throng of spectators, who greeted the Czar and Czarina with the heartiest expressions of goodwill, and the royal train subsequently steamed out of the station amid the lustiest cheering, which was continued by enthusiastic crowds as the train made its slow progress from the seaport into the capital. As the train passed out of the Waverley station a salute boomed forth from the Castle to speed their Majesties on their way. At Dundee a brief halt was made for tea, and the journey was then resumed to Ballater, which was reached at seven o'clock. A Guard of Honour, consisting of one hundred men of the Black Watch, presented arms as the train drew up, and on the platform their Majesties were met by the Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke of Cambridge. A very picturesque procession was then formed to Balmoral under the escort of Scots Greys, the whole scene being brilliantly illuminated by bonfires along the route and by innumerable torches borne by the Crathie and Ballater Volunteers and the Balmoral Highlanders. The Queen's pipers played the *cortège* up to the Castle, where their Imperial Majesties were received in the entrance-hall by her Majesty the Queen.

THE ADVANCE TO DONGOLA.

The expedition commanded by General Sir Herbert Kitchener, the Sirdar, or Commander-in-Chief of the Khedive's army, consisting mainly of Egyptian and Soudanese troops, which have been trained and are led by British officers, but aided by a battalion of the Staffordshire

Regiment and other detachments of British soldiers, has reached the immediate goal of its movements for the present season. On Saturday last, Sept. 19, marching from Kubudeh, on the Hannek or Third Cataract of the Nile, with four brigades of infantry, horse and field artillery, and cavalry, supported by three gun-boats on the river, Sir Herbert Kitchener found that the enemy's mud-walled fort at Kerma had been abandoned, but that a large force of Dervishes was still assembled at Hafir, on the opposite west bank, with one steamer and six sailing-boats lying near their camp. Their intention seemed to be a retreat towards the north-west; but the British commander immediately resolved to attack them with the fire of his gun-boats and of his land artillery, where the river narrowed enough for effective fire across it, while the greater part of his troops on the east bank of the Nile were merely looking on at the conflict. The Emir Wad el Bishara, who commanded the Dervish force there, had posted two guns, the one at the Sakieh (which is a machine erected for raising water), the other in a dense grove of palms, on the river-bank, and had dug a double line of rifle-pits connecting the positions of these guns; besides which he had constructed a battery, with five guns, and a big entrenchment on the south side of his camp. There was a small island, just opposite to the enemy's line of defences, reducing the width of the channel there to about six hundred yards; advantage was taken of this by placing on

the island four batteries of Egyptian field artillery, with Maxim guns manned by some men of the Connaught Rangers; while the gun-boats *Metameh*, *Abu Klea*, and *Tamai*, under Commander Colville, R.N., moved up the river, supported by the horse artillery. A sharp engagement took place under these conditions, the enemy's batteries discharging quantities of both shot and shell, besides the showers of bullets from the rifle-pits which assailed the boats; yet only thirteen men on the Anglo-Egyptian side were wounded, Commander Colville being one of them, slightly in the wrist; only Armourer-Sergeant Richardson was killed. The Dervishes, fighting under cover, did not lose many, though Wad el Bishara was wounded, and two of his servants killed, by a shell bursting in his tent. This happened about noon; he was then carried out, deciding to evacuate the position. The enemy withdrew, taking their guns with them, but their steamboat, an old one that had belonged to General Gordon at Khartoum, was sunk by the fire of the Egyptian gun-boat *Tamai*. Next morning the hostile force having retired, all the troops of Sir Herbert Kitchener's army crossed the Nile; his steamers went on a reconnaissance towards Dongola. Large stores of grain and of military ammunition, and all the enemy's boats, have fallen into the possession of the Egyptian army. The town of Dongola was found to be deserted; and on Monday, Lieutenant Beatty, with the gun-boat *Abu Klea*, destroyed its forts and batteries. On Tuesday morning Sir H. Kitchener's army reached a place called Sheikh el Hassan, or Zowarat, five miles below Dongola. The enemy, commanded either by Wad el Bishara or by Osman Azrak, then held an entrenched position within two hours' march, and a battle was to be expected.

THE TURKISH CRISIS.

The Turkish outlook is still as dark as ever, and seems likely to remain so until the Powers can unite upon some definite cause of coercion, for, natural and well meant as is the cry of horror which has been going up throughout this country at the continued perpetration of atrocities in the

Sultan's domain, it must, nevertheless, be recognised that any action on the part of the British Government without the consent of the other Powers would not only give rise to a disastrous conflict of European interests, but must inevitably afford the Sultan and his fanatical followers the very pretext which they would most welcome for the wholesale massacre of the Armenian population of their country. Fear of the combined Powers alone can re-establish peace and prosperity in Turkey. The reply of the Porte to the Collective Note of the Ambassadors concerning the recent massacres cannot be said to convey much promise of improvement, and, indeed, a further massacre of Armenians took place within a few days of its publication. This was the work of Kurds, it is true, but it emphasises, all the same, the terrible insecurity of Armenian life in Turkish territory. The document deplores the recent scenes of disorder, but urges the provocation given by the Armenian revolutionaries, and denies that the recent outrages have been instigated or even countenanced by the Government. The Porte expresses a hope that the Ambassadors will recognise the sincerity of its desire to restore order. Any such desire, however, has at present fallen very far short of fulfilment, as the Kharput massacre of Sept. 15-16 alone may show. The scene of this latest atrocity was Eguin, in the Vilayet of Kharput, one of the places which last year escaped by heavy payments to the Kurds. The Armenian quarter has now been pillaged and fired, and some six hundred of its inhabitants brutally massacred. On another page we give some illustrations of the terrible massacres which took place at the end of last month in the Kassim Pasha and Haskoi quarters of Constantinople.



SHAKSPERE'S "CYMBELINE" AT THE LYCEUM.

ACT II. SCENE 2: IACHIMO (SIR HENRY IRVING) AND IMOGEN (MISS ELLEN TERRY).

"O Sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!"



A BILL OF FARE: LAMB CUTLETS.
Drawn by Stanley Berkeley.



A BILL OF FARE: IRISH STEW.
Drawn by Stanley Berkeley.

PERSONAL.

Although the name of the late Mr. Justice Denman, who died on September 21, will not live in legal history among those of the few great Judges, it will long be remembered as that of a very able one who was also a distinguished scholar, a polished rhetorician, and a kindly and courteous English gentleman.



Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

THE LATE MR. JUSTICE DENMAN.

of knighthood, his reason for so doing being the fact that he already took precedence of the knightly rank as the son of a peer. For the Right Hon. George Denman, it will be remembered, was the eighth of the fifteen children of the first Baron Denman, who was for close upon twenty years Lord Chief Justice of England. The late Mr. Justice Denman was born in 1819, and after spending his schooldays at Repton, passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he came out Senior Classic in the Tripos, besides rowing in the Cambridge crew in two Inter-Varsity boat-races. He was called to the Bar exactly fifty years ago, became a Q.C. in 1861, and a Judge of the Common Pleas in 1872. Twenty years later he retired, and became a member of the Privy Council. His Parliamentary career, as member for Tiverton for thirteen years from 1859, was distinguished by his promotion of Bills for assimilating the procedure of criminal to that of civil trials in certain respects, and for modifying the disqualifications of witnesses. He published a translation of Gray's "Elegy" into Greek elegiacs, and a translation into Latin elegiacs of the first book of Pope's version of the Iliad.

Londoners have shown a singular indifference to one of their most distinguished public characters. Some weeks ago, for no apparent reason, Big Ben ceased to toll the hours. The chimes went on for a while, and then they were silenced. There was no popular excitement. No procession of anxious citizens wended its way to the Office of Works to demand an explanation. One morning the voice of Big Ben was heard again booming over the town. There were no rejoicings. Men did not pause in the street to catch the joyful sound, and then embrace one another in a burst of thanksgiving. No wonder the foreigner declares that we are a cold and stolid race!

Prince Oukhtomsky has just been introduced to English readers by the first volume of the translation of his monumental work on the visit of the Czar when Czarevitch to the East. The book appears to be commendably free from national prejudice, and even in India the writer does not permit himself any Anglophobia. But it seems to be the same Prince Oukhtomsky who has a journal in St. Petersburg which has made the surprising discovery that the Armenian attack on the Ottoman Bank in Constantinople was organised by a correspondent of the *Times*. Some years ago this redoubtable conspirator started an Anglo-Armenian revolutionary society, with its headquarters in Cyprus, where dynamite bombs were manufactured. Evidently the restraint which Prince Oukhtomsky imposed on his imagination when he accompanied the Czarevitch to India has now been removed.

Romantic schoolboys will be glad to learn that the reported disappearance of the island of Juan Fernandez is untrue. It would have been a calamity, for the existence of a real island on which Alexander Selkirk had the experiences embellished by Defoe in "Robinson Crusoe" has done much to impress the truth of the narrative on the juvenile mind. Small sceptics who were told that Juan Fernandez had been swallowed up by the ocean might have suspected that this was a device of the "grown-ups" to conceal the fact that, as Mrs. Prig would say, "therc never was no sich island."

There is sharp criticism on the action of Lord Rosmead, better known as Sir Hercules Robinson, in ordering the arrest of Colonel Baden-Powell for the summary shooting of captured Matabili chiefs. This is the second arrest ordered by the High Commissioner for the same reason. He bases this policy on the ground that as martial law has not been proclaimed in Rhodesia, captives are prisoners of war, who must be handed over to the civil authorities. Whatever may be the merits of the case, it is most regrettable that there should be this conflict between the civil authorities and the military commanders.

Biographical anecdotes of Tynan do not strengthen the impression that he is a criminal of the most sinister kind. Men who know him well scoff at the idea that he ever played the legendary part of "Number One" in the "Invincible" conspiracy. In New York he was regarded by the chiefs of the Fenian movement as a drunken impostor, much given to tears. At one time he was employed on a New York paper as a reporter, and when the sub-editor (who tells the story) complained of his incapacity Tynan replied, "I am not here to write English; I am Number One!" It is not remarkable that such a genius should walk right into a police trap, but it is odd that anybody should be fool enough to trust him with large sums of money.

The Income-tax Commissioners are commonly supposed to be rather ashamed of their vocation, and anxious to have it understood that citizens may refuse to pay their income-tax without any peril of serious consequences. It is often

said that this obnoxious impost is too unpopular for severe measures to be taken when it is not paid. This comfortable theory is rather discountenanced by the arrest of a well-known music hall-singer, who was summarily incarcerated in Holloway Jail. The lady—for of course it is a lady—stoutly declined to discharge her alleged liabilities, and repudiated them altogether. She went cheerfully to prison as a martyr. The Income-tax Commissioners may find that they have caught a Tartar. It is impossible to say what would be the effect on an emotional public of a music-hall denunciation of the Inland Revenue Department sung by a popular favourite with the halo of martyrdom round her head. We may have barricades in the Strand, bloodshed in Trafalgar Square, and Somerset House sharing the fate of the Bastille.

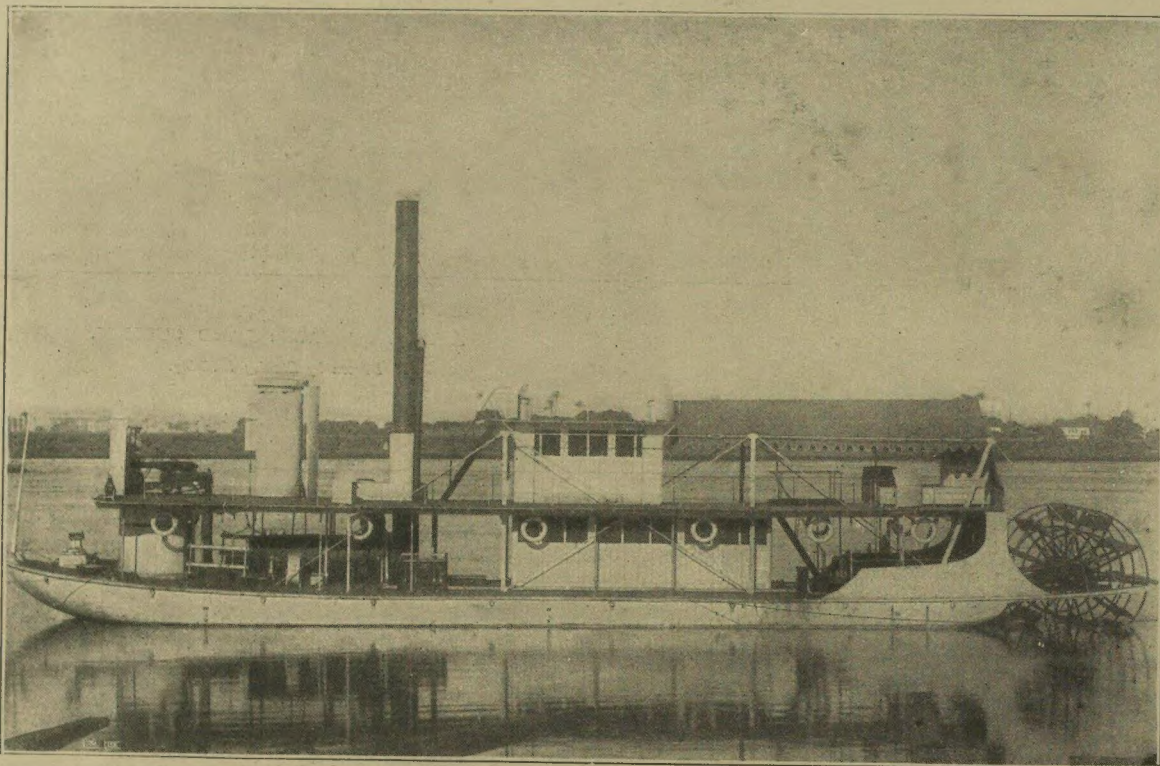
The cause of Evangelical Churchmanship in the North of England has sustained a severe loss by the death on Monday, Sept. 21, of the Venerable Henry Arnold Favell, M.A., Archdeacon of Sheffield. Mr. Favell was widely esteemed even by those who most differed from his theological position. There was nothing narrow about him; a loyal adherent to the Reformation settlement himself, he could yet see good in other schools of thought, and when, on the death of Dr. Blakeney, the Archdeaconry of Sheffield became vacant, the Archbishop of York at once collated Mr. Favell thereto. It was thought, and, indeed, generally desired, in the town that he should succeed Dr. Blakeney also as Vicar of Sheffield, but the Simeon Trustees, who were the patrons for that turn, sought a more pronounced party man.

Mr. Favell was a graduate of Cambridge, and was ordained to the curacy of St. Martin's, Birmingham, in 1867. There he remained for six years, and his reputation as a preacher and worker was considerable. In 1873 he became Vicar of the large and important parish of St. George's, Sheffield, and in 1884 he was preferred to the Vicarage of St. Mark's, Broomhall—a suburb of Sheffield—

Dr. Anderson, of the Home Office, whose attention is just now closely occupied with the investigation of the dynamite conspiracy, is a brother of the late Sir Samuel Anderson, who was one of the solicitors engaged in the prosecution of the Phoenix Park assassins fourteen years ago. His father, the late Mr. Matthew Anderson, had charge of the Fenian prosecutions in Dublin in 1865-67, as Crown Solicitor for the city, so that the family of Anderson has a fairly continuous acquaintance with Irish ruffianism. Dr. Anderson was himself a lawyer before he entered the Home Office. He is very learned in Biblical matters, and is known as an eloquent preacher at a West-End chapel.

It is more or less authoritatively announced that the Very Rev. F. A. Gasquet is shortly to be raised to the purple, and we may therefore soon expect to greet a new Cardinal. The death of Newman, four years ago or thereabouts, deprived the Roman Catholic Church in England of the second Cardinal that had become a tradition to the country since the elevation of Howard to the purple; so that the new creation will be less than a novelty. Dr. Gasquet is one of the most able and distinguished of Roman Catholic writers. His researches and his learning have done more to clear up the difficult historical problems that circle around the suppression of the monasteries than those, probably, of any other living writer. His ability has been widely recognised in quarters by no means friendly to the position of the Roman Catholic Church in England.

We desire to correct an erroneous impression which may have been conveyed to intending travellers by the statement which appeared in the "Science Jottings" of our issue of Sept. 5 to the effect that the South-Eastern Railway Company registers luggage to Ostend but not to Brussels. We are now informed by the company's manager that the regulations covering the registration of passengers' luggage to or beyond Brussels are the same by



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: THE GUN-BOAT "ABU KLEA."

The gun-boats *Abu Klea* and *Metamuch*, which, with the *Tamci*, played an important part in the recent defeat of the Dervishes near Hafir, of which an account is given under the heading of "Our Illustrations," are two of several stern-wheel gun-boats built by Yarrow and Co. for the last Nile Expedition. They were built in England in floatable sections, easily transported and bolted together, and have seen a good deal of service. When the gun-boats returned from their bombardment of Dongola, after the action at Hafir, the upper deck of the *Abu Klea* was found to have been riddled by the enemy's fire. The single gun-boat of the Dervish fleet at Hafir was sunk by a broadside from the *Tamci*. She was one of the vessels built, also by Messrs. Yarrow, for General Gordon, and sent across the desert in pieces to Khartoum. Several of these boats have been in Dervish employment in recent years.

which position he held to the time of his death. He was a man of much culture and refinement, and he will be greatly missed. He was not often seen in London, but a year or two back he read an able paper before the Islington Clerical meeting, and he was a warm supporter and advocate of the Church Missionary Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and other good works.

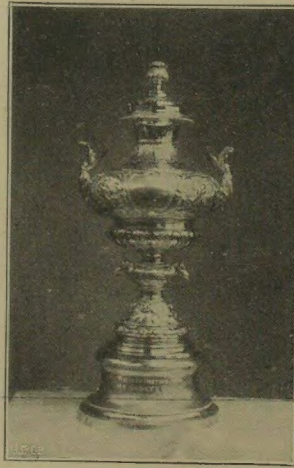
All the agitation for the recognition of Anglican orders by the Pope has been quenched by a Papal Bull. The Pope denies all validity to Anglican orders, and declares that the only true fount of pious wisdom is the Holy See. This ought to be decisive for Lord Halifax and for other worthy people who have excited themselves over a question which moves the great mass of the laity not a jot.

The restoration of the parish church of Burnham Thorpe, the birthplace of Nelson, is now in progress, but some £2000 is still needed for the completion of the whole scheme, which includes the erection of a Nelson Memorial Hall for the use of the village. The Prince of Wales has for some time been president of the scheme, and £4000 has now been raised. Both Nelson's parents lie buried in the church, of which his father was Rector.

The late Archdeacon Denison yielded to no one in his approval of the use of beer at his harvest homes and other village festivities, and his nephew, Prebendary Denison, has already given striking illustration of his concurrence with his late uncle's views on the subject in his new parish in North Kensington. He has rented a public-house occupying a prominent position in Portobello Road, and has converted it into a working-men's club, at which beer is to be on sale to members. The new club is to be managed by one of the curates of the parish, who will live on the premises. The institution deserves to find favour with the inhabitants of this thickly populated district.

all the routes, and that the holder of any through ticket via Brussels available by the S.E.R. to destinations beyond the Belgian capital is entitled to have his luggage registered to that point, and to break his journey there if he so desires.

The County Cup, won at the recent Western Race Meeting at Ayr by Lord Lonsdale's *Porte Bonheur*, is a



THE AYR COUNTY CUP.

very handsome trophy of massive silver, modelled in high relief in Italian style. On each side of the cup are figures carrying laurel wreaths for the victor, and the stem is ornamented with horses' heads, delicately modelled. The cup has been designed and executed by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street.

Mr. Rider Haggard has explained that some ancient negress who died lately in Africa at the reputed age of a hundred and twenty was not the original of "She." That weird personage was entirely the offspring of his imagination. We live in times when novelists are supposed to model their characters from some observation of life, and it is well for Mr. Haggard to remind us that there are still romancers who claim the privilege of pure invention.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral, expecting the visit of her Russian imperial guests, the Czar and Czarina, has been joined by several members of the royal family. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with two daughters, arrived on Sept. 16, but his Royal Highness on Saturday went to Dalmeny, the Earl of Rosebery's seat near Edinburgh, to meet the Prince of Wales, and to take part in receiving the Czar and Czarina at Leith. The Duchess of Connaught stayed with the Queen, who was accompanied, as usual, by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. The Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria of Wales, has arrived from Copenhagen. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Duke and Duchess of York have visited her Majesty.

The Princess of Wales and her daughter, leaving Denmark on Monday, were accompanied on board the royal yacht *Osborne* as far as Elsinore by the King and Queen of Denmark, the Empress Dowager of Russia, and the Danish, Russian, and Greek Princes and Princesses. The King of Greece and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark bade them farewell at Bellevue.

Meetings have been held, and letters from influential persons have been written and printed, expressing great indignation at the cruelties practised in the Turkish Empire upon the Armenians, and calling upon her Majesty's Government to put a stop to them. The Bishop of Manchester presided over a meeting in that city. The Right Hon. James Bryce, who has travelled in Armenia, spoke on Tuesday. A town meeting has been convened at Liverpool by the Lord Mayor, who is the Earl of Derby, in compliance with a requisition presented to him on Saturday. The meeting, to be held on Thursday, at Hengler's Circus, would be addressed by Mr. Gladstone. On Monday the Bishop of Ripon addressed a town meeting at Bradford, and the Bishop of Hereford at Cardiff, while Earl Spencer dwelt upon the subject at Rugby in presiding over a conference of the Midland Liberal Federation. In London a meeting in Shoreditch was addressed by the Armenian Bishop Checkemian, by a young Armenian lady, and by an English lady who had lived in Armenia. Demonstrations have taken place in many provincial towns, and the preachers at many churches and chapels have referred to this topic. Memorials have been sent to Lord Salisbury urging strenuous action. A letter from Mr. Gladstone, dated Sept. 17, in reply to one addressed to him by a French journalist, M. Maurice Leudet, was published on Wednesday.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science, in its Congress at Liverpool, since Wednesday, Sept. 16, when Sir Joseph Lister delivered his presidential address, treating especially of the discovery of the pathological importance of microbes, and of the antiseptic principle applied to modern surgery, has continued its sectional meetings. Some popular interest was attached, in the Geographical Section, to the report, by Mr. Montefiore Brice, of the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition to Franz Josef Land, and to that of Sir Martin Conway's exploration of Spitzbergen, of which Mr. J. Aubyn Trevor-Battye has brought further accounts. Mr. Scott Keltie also brought from Norway some particulars of Dr. Nansen's Polar expedition. On Saturday a party of members of the Association visited Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden.

The Governors and Company of the Bank of England, holding their General Court on Sept. 17, declared profits on the half year to the amount of £628,000, providing a dividend at the rate of £4 5s. per cent., and leaving a rest of £3,027,000. They have accepted the Supplemental Charter, permitting certain alterations with regard to the re-election of retiring directors, the election of persons to fill casual vacancies, and the nomination of any one of the joint proprietors of stock—trustees, for example—to represent the stock held by them in voting as members of the Bank Company. Bye-laws to such effect were accordingly passed.

The Association of the British Chambers of Commerce at Southampton passed resolutions in favour of extending the jurisdiction of County Courts, improving postal and steam-ship communication with the Colonies, further

railway construction in India, forming public trusts for the management of canals in England, and the registration, like bills of sale, of mortgages of book debts, and of agreements for the hire of machinery. The delegates visited two ships of the Royal Mail Steam-packet Company and the Union Steam-ship Company in the docks, and were entertained at a banquet given by the directors of the London and South-Western Railway.

The new first-class battle-ship *Illustrious*, built at Chatham Dockyard at a cost of about one million sterling, was floated out of the dry dock on Sept. 16, when Lady Bedford, wife of Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, performed the customary ceremonies of breaking a bottle of wine against the ship's bow, giving the ship a name, and cutting a cord supposed to hold the ship. The *Illustrious*, constructed entirely of steel, and very strongly armoured, is of great size, the displacement of water being 15,000 tons; she will carry four steel 46-ton guns in two circular redoubts, twelve 6-in. quick-firing guns, and sixteen 12-pounders, with Hotchkiss and Maxim guns and torpedoes; the officers and crew will number 757 men.

The President of the French Republic, M. Faure, attended on Sept. 17, with General Billot, the Minister of War, a grand review of troops assembled at St. Simeux, near Angoulême, under command of General Cailliot, at the close of the French military manoeuvres. Arrangements have been made for the visit of the Czar and Czarina to France, and for a naval review at Cherbourg upon that

Gwelo. The war, in general, may be considered to be pretty well over, no formidable "impis" remaining anywhere in the field. A memorial signed by thirteen thousand persons, in the Chartered Company's territories and in other parts of British South Africa, asking for the reappointment of Mr. Cecil Rhodes as managing director, has been sent to Lord Rosmead, her Majesty's High Commissioner, who forwards it to Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Home Department, but remarking that Mr. Cecil Rhodes voluntarily resigned his post, and it may be doubtful whether Government will interpose in the matter.

An international and "inter-parliamentary" Arbitration Conference at Budapest has commenced its deliberations this week. It proposes to discuss the establishment of a permanent Court of Arbitration for disputes between nations, and laws for the protection of foreigners in every country, regulating the legal power of expulsion, also the further development of the rights of neutrals in time of war. The Peace Congress at Budapest concluded its sittings on Tuesday.

It is stated that King Leopold of Belgium, as President of the Congo Free State Association, has ordered an official inquiry concerning the charges of cruelty and corruption alleged to have been practised in Central Africa by persons in the employment of that State.

The international Meteorological Congress at Paris on Tuesday held its last meeting, at which M. Rambaud, the French Minister of Public Instruction, presided; and the members were entertained with a farewell luncheon on the Eiffel Tower.

A discovery of gold in Newfoundland, an extensive quartz reef, at Cape Brayle, yielding three ounces of gold per ton, is announced at St. John's, the capital of that island. The oldest English colony, with natural resources and climate equal to those of Ireland, without reckoning the cod and lobster fisheries, has been unaccountably neglected, though within five days' voyage.

THE CZAR IN DENMARK.

It is pleasant to observe that Nicholas II., like his father, Alexander III., whose life as Emperor of Russia, placed upon the throne by one of the most hideous crimes that the Anarchists or Nihilists have yet succeeded in perpetrating, was perpetually saddened by the necessity of irksome precautions for his personal safety, finds in

visiting the cheerful Danish royal family a wholesome relief from the painful anxieties besetting autocratic monarchy, a position almost too responsible for sensitive and conscientious men to endure. The anecdotes that were current a few years ago of the late Czar's happy holiday relaxation, as "Uncle Alexander," when, surrounded by princely friends of his wife's estimable family, and by their free-hearted, playful children, he would join in simple pastimes, ramble fearlessly in the park and woods, and enjoy the innocent pleasures of the domestic circle, seemed very touching, very human, contrasted with the gloom that, by no fault of his, but from a dynastic political inheritance, still overhung the reign of the Czars during many past years. We can imagine that now at Balmoral, as recently at the Castle of Bernstorff, the present young Czar, with his amiable consort, our Queen's granddaughter, whose mother, our Princess Alice, has left a memory of her virtues dear to English and German hearts, is treated with considerate sympathy as well as courteous hospitality, for surely no one person in all Europe, at the present crisis, has greater pressure of public duties, or a greater right to the kindest interpretation of his motives and sentiments. Doubtless, also, in his Imperial Majesty's tour of visits to other European Courts, and especially at Vienna, and in his interview with the German Emperor, this feeling has not been absent from the minds of his entertainers; but it has certainly prevailed among those who were in his company before he sailed from Copenhagen. One of the agreeable incidents of the sojourn of the Czar and Czarina in Denmark is that which occurred on Wednesday, Sept. 16, when the whole family party, including members of the Danish, Russian, British, and Greek royal kindred, were invited by King George of Greece to his estate and mansion of Smidstrup, on the shores of the Sound.



THE CZAR'S VISIT TO DENMARK: A ROYAL GROUP AT SMIDSTRUP, THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF THE KING OF GREECE.

occasion, as well as the projected festivities and hospitalities in Paris and at Versailles.

Several thousand Armenians have left Constantinople by steam-boat for Varna and Bourgas, the Black Sea ports of Bulgaria, for Athens, and for Marseilles; the departure of others is forbidden.

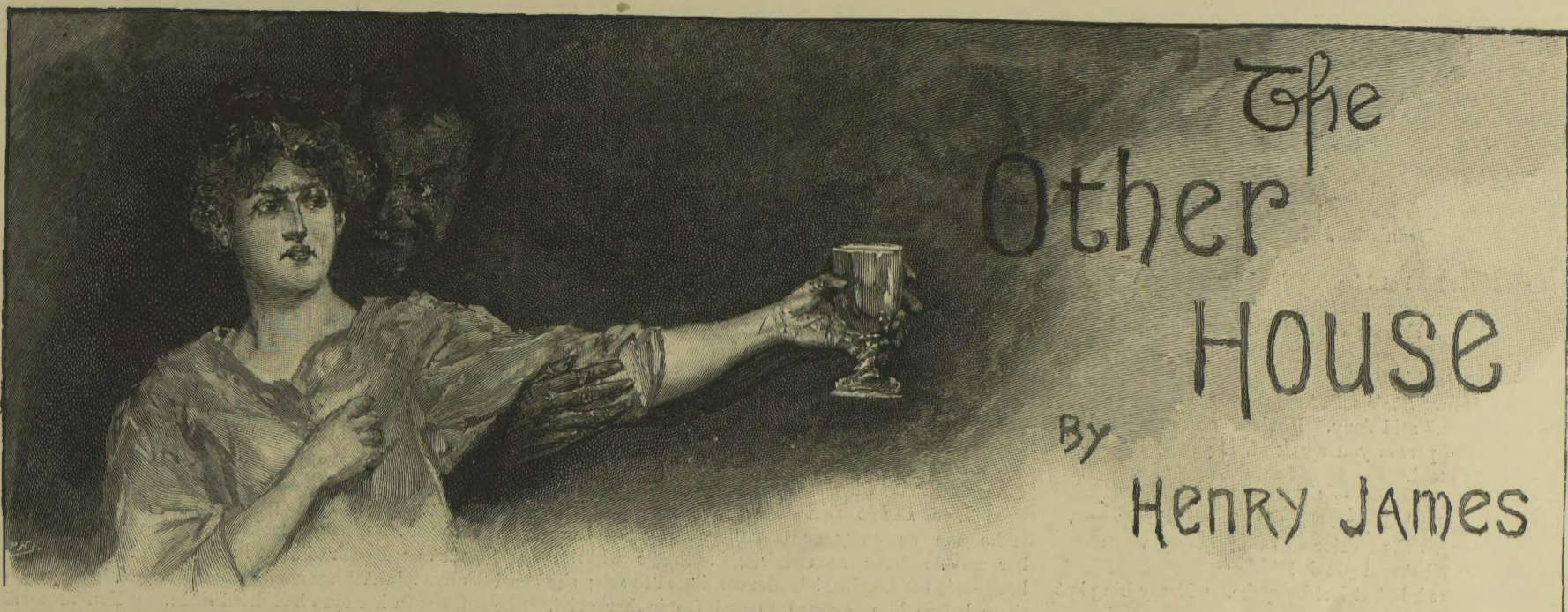
A Russian military engineer officer, General Tchikatcheff, Chief of the Staff at Odessa, has been employed in examining the Turkish forts and batteries on the shores of the Dardanelles and of the Bosphorus, and has given advice to the Sultan's Government for the strengthening of those defences of the approach to Constantinople.

The aspect of affairs in South Africa becomes daily more favourable to an early settlement, which Lord Grey, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Sir Richard Martin, General Sir F. Carrington—in short, all the civil and military authorities in the Chartered Company's territories, are endeavouring to procure by persuading the few Matabili and Mashona chiefs still holding out in their rocky fastnesses to lay down their arms, return to their kraals or tribal villages, and begin cultivating their fields like peaceable subjects of the white man's rule. Hundreds have already done so, but others demand particular favours or gifts of land or of grain, which can only be granted within the limits of prudence and justice, and to supply them with the needful means of subsistence for the next few months. The columns of troops commanded by Colonel Baden-Powell and Major Ridley have still been occupied in local movements designed to cut off isolated bands of the rebels on the Massera hills, from Movene down the Umvunkwe River to the Somabula forest; and Major Ridley has captured, in the Madwaleni tract of country, a chief named Aweanya, who was found guilty of murder and shot; besides seizing a large store of grain, which was sent to

Photo J. Danielsen, Copenhagen.



THE PRINCESS'S BOUDOIR.



The Other House

By
HENRY JAMES

ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET

XXXI.

"If in this miserable hour I've asked you for a moment of your time," Dennis immediately said, "I beg you to believe it's only to let you know that anything in the world I can do for you——" Tony raised a hand that mutely discouraged as well as thanked him, but he completely delivered himself: "I'm ready, whatever it is, to do on the spot."

With his handsome face smitten, his red eyes contracted, his thick hair disordered and his black garments awry, Tony had the handled, hustled look of a man just dragged through some riot or some rescue and only released to take breath. Like Rose, for Vidal, he was deeply disfigured, but with a change more passive and tragic. His bloodshot eyes fixed his interlocutor's. "I'm afraid there's nothing anyone can do for me.— My disaster's overwhelming; but I must meet it myself."

There was courtesy in his voice; but there was something hard and dry in the way he stood, there, something so opposed to his usual fine overflow that for a minute Dennis could only show by pitying silence the full sense of his wretchedness. He was in the presence of a passionate perversity—an attitude in which the whole man had already petrified. "Will it perhaps help you to think of something," he presently said, "if I tell you that your disaster is almost as much mine as yours, and that what's of aid to one of us may perhaps therefore be of aid to the other?"

"It's very good of you," Tony replied, "to be willing to take upon you the smallest corner of so big a burden. Don't do that—don't do that, Mr. Vidal," he repeated with a heavy head-shake. "Don't come near such a thing; don't touch it; don't know it!" He straightened himself as if with a long, suppressed shudder; and then, with a sharper and more sombre vehemence, "Stand from under it!" he exclaimed. Dennis, in deeper compassion, looked at him with an intensity that might have suggested submission, and Tony followed up what he apparently took for an advantage. "You came here for an hour, for your own reasons, for your relief: you came in all kindness and trust. You've encountered an unutterable horror and you've only one thing to do."

"Be so good as to name it," said Dennis.

"Turn your back on it for ever—go your way this minute. I've come to you simply to say that."

"Leave you, in other words——"

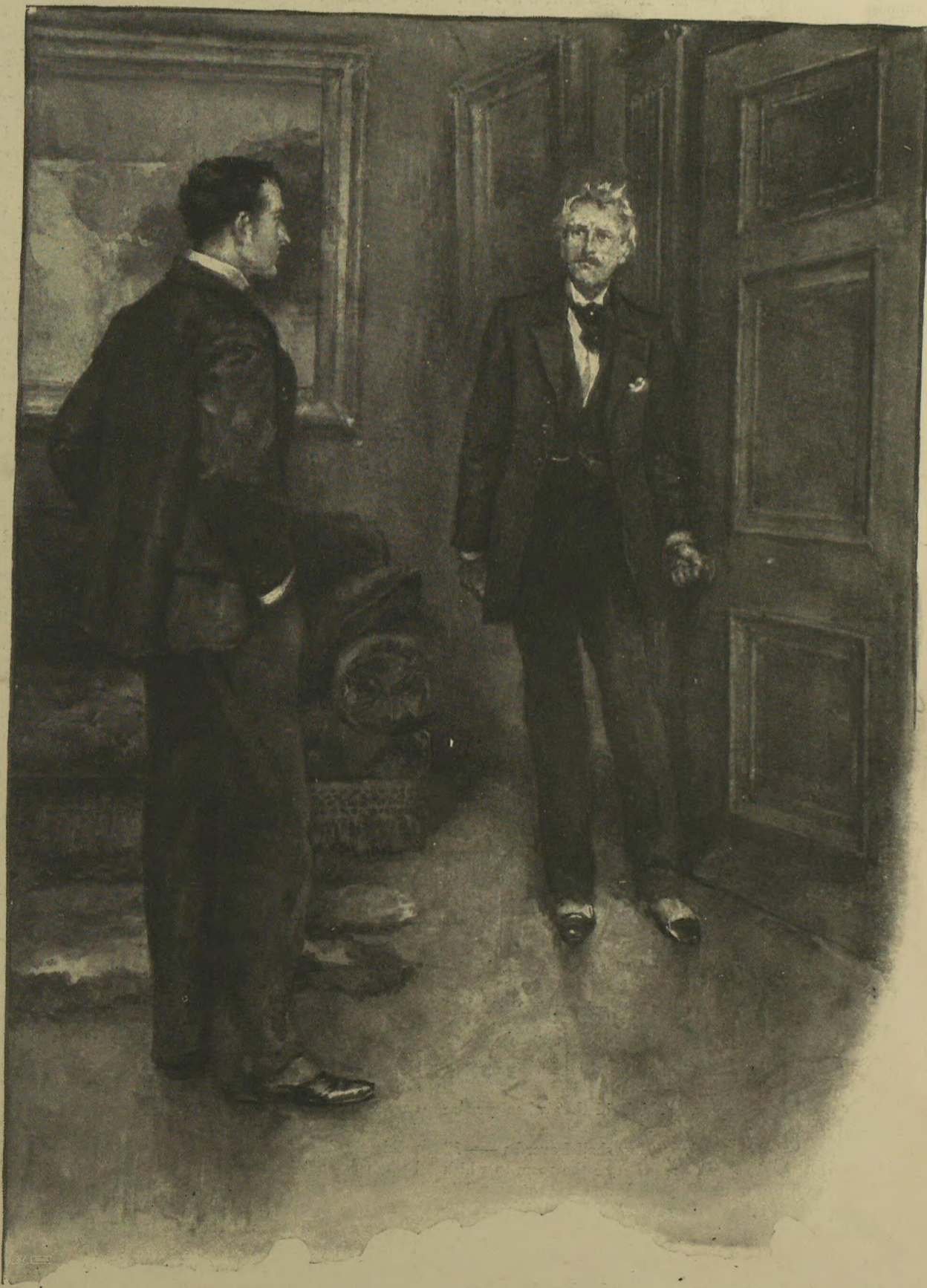
"By the very first train that will take you."

Dennis appeared to turn this over; then he spoke with a face that showed what he thought of it. "It has been my unfortunate fate in coming to this place—so wrapped, as one might suppose, in comfort and peace—to intrude a second time on obscure, unhappy things, on suffering and danger and death. I should have been glad, God knows, not to renew the adventure, but one's destiny kicks one before it, and I seem myself not the least part of the misery I speak of. You must accept that as my excuse for not taking your advice. I must stay at least till you understand me." On this he waited a moment; then abruptly, impatiently, "For God's sake, Mr. Bream, believe in me and meet me!" he broke out.

"Meet you?"

"Make use of the hand I hold out to you."

Tony had remained just within the closed door, as if to guard against its moving from the other side. At this, with a faint flush in his dead vacancy, he came a few steps further. But there was something still locked in his conscious, altered eyes and coldly absent from the tone in which he said: "You've come, I think, from China?"



"I'm afraid there's nothing anyone can do for me."

"I've come, Mr. Bream, from China."

"And it's open to you to go back?"

Dennis frowned. "I can do as I wish."

"And yet you're not off like a shot?"

"My movements and my inclinations are my own affair. You won't accept my aid?"

Tony gave his sombre stare. "You ask me, as you call it, to meet you. Excuse me if on my side I ask you on what definite ground—"

Dennis took him straight up. "On the definite ground on which Dr. Ramage is good enough to do so. I'm afraid there's no better ground than my honour."

Tony's stare was long and deep; then he put out his hand, and while Dennis held it, "I understand you," he said. "Good-bye."

Dennis kept hold of him. "Good-bye?"

Tony had a supreme hesitation. "She's safe."

Dennis had a shorter one. "Do you speak of Miss Martle?"

"Not of Miss Martle."

"Then I can. She's safe."

"Thank you," said Tony. He drew away his hand.

"As for the person you speak of, if you say it—"

And Dennis paused.

"She's safe," Tony repeated.

"That's all I ask of you. The Doctor will do the rest."

"I know what the Doctor will do." Tony was silent a moment. "What will you do?"

Dennis faltered, but at last he spoke. "Everything but marry her."

A flare of admiration rose and fell in Tony's eyes. "You're beyond me!"

"I don't in the least know where I am, save that I'm in a black, bloody nightmare. It's not I, it's not she, it's not you, it's not anyone. I shall wake up at last, I suppose, but meanwhile—"

"There's plenty more to come? Oh, as much as you like!" Tony excitedly declared.

"For me, but not for you. For you the worst's over," his companion boldly observed.

"Over? with all my life made hideous?"

There was a certain sturdiness in Vidal's momentary silence. "You think so now—!" Then he added more gently: "I grant you it's hideous enough."

Tony stood there in the agony of the actual; the tears welled into his hot eyes. "She butchered—she tortured my child. And she did it to incriminate Jean."

He brought it all back to Dennis, who exclaimed with simple solemnity: "The dear little girl—the sweet, kind little girl!" With a sudden impulse that in the midst of this tenderness seemed almost savage, he laid on Tony's shoulder a hard, conscientious hand. "She forced her in. She held her down. She left her."

The men turned paler as they looked at each other. "I'm infamous—I'm infamous," said Tony.

There was a long pause that was like a strange assent from Dennis, who at last, however, brought out in a different tone: "It was her passion."

"It was her passion."

"She loves you—!" Dennis went on with a drop, before the real, of all vain terms.

"She loves me!"—Tony's face reflected the mere monstrous fact. "It has made what it has made—her awful act and my silence. My silence is a part of the crime and the cruelty—I shall live to be a horror to myself. But I see it, none the less, as I see it, and I shall keep the word I gave her in the first madness of my fear. It came to me. There it is."

"I know what came to you," Dennis said.

Tony wondered. "Then you've seen her?"

Dennis hesitated. "I know it from the Doctor."

"I see—" Tony thought a moment. "She, I imagine—"

"Will keep it to herself? Leave that to me!" Dennis put out his hand again. "Good-bye."

"You take her away?"

"To-night."

Tony kept his hand. "Will her flight help Ramage?"

"Everything falls in. Three hours ago I came for her."

"So it will seem prearranged?"

"For the event she announced to you. Our happy union!" said Dennis Vidal.

He reached the door to the hall, where Tony checked him. "There's nothing, then, I shall do for you?"

"It's done. We've helped each other."

What was deepest in Tony stirred again. "I mean when your trouble has passed."

"It will never pass. Think of that when you're happy yourself."

Tony's grey face stared. "How shall I ever be—?"

The door, as he spoke, opened from the room to which Mrs. Beever had returned, and Jean Martle appeared to them. Dennis retreated. "Ask her!" he said from the threshold.

XXXII.

Rushing to Tony, she wailed under her breath: "I must speak to you—I must speak to you! But how can you ever look at me?—how can you ever forgive me?" In an instant he had met her; in a flash the gulf was bridged: his arms had opened wide to her and she had thrown

herself into them. They had only to be face to face to let themselves go; he making no answer but to press her close against him, she pouring out her tears upon him as if the contact quickened the source. He held her, she yielded, with a passion no bliss could have given them; they stood locked together in their misery with no sound and no motion but her sobs. Breast to breast and cheek to cheek, they felt simply that they had ceased to be apart. Their long embrace was the extinction of all limits, all questions—swept away in a flood which tossed them over the years and in which nothing remained erect but the sense and the need of each other. These things had now the beauty of all the tenderness that they had never spoken and that, for some time, even as they clung there, was too strange and too deep for speech. But what was extraordinary was that, as Jean disengaged herself, there was neither wonder nor fear between them; nothing but a recognition, in which everything swam, and, on the girl's part, the still higher tide of the remorse that harried her and that, to see him, had made her break away from the others. "They tell me I'm ill, I'm insane," she went on—"they want to shut me up, to give me things: they tell me to lie down, to try to sleep. But it's all, to me, so dreadfully as if it were I who had done it, that when they admitted to me that you were here I felt that if I didn't see you it would make me as crazy as they say. It's to have seen her go—to have seen her go: that's what I can't bear—it's too horrible!" She continued to sob; she stood there before him, swayed to and fro in her grief. She stirred up his own, and that added to her pain; for a minute, in their separate sorrow, they moved asunder like creatures too stricken to communicate. But they were quickly face to face again, more intimate, with more understood, though with the air, on either side and in the very freedom of their action, of a clear vision of the effect of their precipitated union—the instinct of not again touching it with unconsecrated hands. Tony had no idle words, no easy consolation; she only made him see more vividly what had happened, and they hung over it together while she accused and reviled herself. "I let her go—I let her go; that's what's so terrible, so hideous. I might have got her—have kept her; I might have screamed, I might have rushed for help. But how could I know or dream? How could the worst of my fears—?" She broke off, she shuddered and dropped; she sat and sobbed while he came and went. "I see her little face as she left me—she looked at me as if she knew. She wondered and dreaded—she knew—she knew! It was the last little look I was to have from her, and I didn't even answer it with a kiss. She sat there where I could seize her, but I never raised a hand. I was close, I was there—she must have called for me in her terror. I didn't listen—I didn't come—I only gave her up to be murdered! And now I shall be punished for ever: I shall see her in those arms—in those arms!" Jean flung herself down and hid her face; her smothered, wild lament filled the room.

Tony stopped before her, seeing everything she brought up, but only the more helpless in his pity. "It was the only little minute in all the years that you had been forced to fail her. She was always more yours than mine."

Jean could only look out through her storm-beaten window. "It was just because she was yours that she was mine. It was because she was yours from the first hour that I—!" She broke down again; she tried to hold herself; she got up. "What could I do, you see? To you I couldn't be kind." She was as frank in her young, pure woe as a bride might have been in her joy.

Tony looked as if he were retracing the saddest thing on earth. "I don't see how you could have been kinder."

She wondered with her blinded eyes. "That wasn't what I thought I was—it couldn't be, ever, ever. Didn't I try not to think of you? But the child was a beautiful part of you—the child I could take and keep. I could take her altogether, without thinking or remembering. It was the only thing I could do for you, and you let me, always, and she did. So I thought it would go on, for wasn't it happiness enough? But all the horrible things—I didn't know them till to-day. There they were—so near to us; and there they closed over her, and—oh!" She turned away in a fresh convulsion, inarticulate and distracted.

They wandered in silence, as if it made them more companions; but at last Tony said: "She was a little radiant, perfect thing. Even if she had not been mine you would have loved her." Then he went on, as if feeling his way through his thickest darkness: "If she had not been mine she wouldn't be lying there as I've seen her. Yet I'm glad she was mine!" he said.

"She lies there because I loved her and because I so recklessly showed it. That's why it's I who killed her!" broke passionately from Jean.

He said nothing till he quietly and gently said: "It was I who killed her."

She roamed to and fro, slowly controlling herself, taking this at first for a mere torment like her own. "We seem beautifully eager for the guilt!"

"It doesn't matter what anyone else seems. I must tell you all—now. I've taken the act on myself."

She had stopped short, bewildered. "How have you taken it?"

"To meet whatever may come."

She turned as white as ashes. "You mean you've accused yourself?"

"Anyone may accuse me. Whom is it more natural to accuse? What had she to gain? My own motive is flagrant. There it is," said Tony.

Jean withered beneath this new stroke. "You'll say you did it?"

"I'll say I did it."

Her face grew old with terror. "You'll lie? You'll perjure yourself?"

"I'll say I did it for you."

She suddenly turned crimson. "Then what do you think I'll say?"

Tony coldly considered. "Whatever you say will tell against me."

"Against you?"

"If the crime was committed for you."

"For me?" she echoed again.

"To enable us to marry."

"Marry!—we?" Jean looked at it in blighted horror.

"It won't be of any consequence that we sha'n't, that we can't: it will only stand out clear that we can." His sombre ingenuity halted, but he achieved his demonstration. "So I shall save—whom I wish to save."

Jean gave a fiercer wail. "You wish to save her?"

"I don't wish to give her up. You can't conceive it?"

"I?" The girl looked about her for a negation not too vile. "I wish to hunt her to death! I wish to burn her alive!" All her emotion had changed to stupefaction; the flame in her eyes had dried them. "You mean she's not to suffer?"

"You want her to suffer—all?"

She was ablaze with the light of justice. "How can anything be enough? I could tear her limb from limb. That's what she tried to do to me!"

Tony lucidly concurred. "Yes—what she tried to do to you."

But she had already flashed round. "And yet you condone the atrocity—?"

Tony thought a moment. "Her doom will be to live."

"But how will such a fiend be suffered to live—when she went to it before my eyes?" Jean stared at the mountain of evidence; then eagerly: "And Mr. Vidal—her very lover, who'll swear what he knows—what he saw!"

Tony stubbornly shook his head. "Oh, Mr. Vidal!"

"To make me," Jean cried, "seem the monster—"

He looked at her so strangely that she stopped. "She made it for the moment possible—"

She caught him up. "To suspect me—?"

"I was mad—and you weren't there." With a muffled moan she sank down again; she covered her face with her hands. "I tell you all—I tell you all," he said. "He knows nothing—he saw nothing—he'll swear nothing. He's taking her away."

Jean started as if he had struck her. "She's here?"

Tony wondered. "You didn't know it?"

"She came back?" the girl panted.

"You thought she had fled?"

Jean hung there like a poised hawk. "Where is she?"

Tony gave her, with a grave gesture, a long, absolute look before which, gradually, her passion fell. "She has gone. Let her go."

She was silent a little. "But others: how will they—?"

"There are no others." After a moment he added: "She would have died for me."

The girl's pale wrath gave a flare. "So you want to die for her?"

"I sha'n't die. But I shall remember." Then, as she watched him: "I must tell you all," he said once more.

"I knew it—I always knew it. And I made her come."

"You were kind to her—as you're always kind."

"No; I was more than that. And I should have been less." His face showed a rift in the blackness. "I remember."

She followed him in pain and at a distance. "You mean you liked it?"

"I liked it—while I was safe. Then I grew afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of everything. You don't know—but we're abysses. At least I'm one!" he groaned. He seemed to sound this depth. "There are other things. They go back far."

"Don't tell me all," said Jean. She had evidently enough to turn over. "What will become of her?" she asked.

"God knows. She goes forth."

"And Mr. Vidal with her?"

"Mr. Vidal with her."

Jean gazed at the tragic picture. "Because he still loves her?"

"Yes," said Tony Bream.

"Then what will he do?"

"Put the globe between them. Think of her torture," Tony added.

Jean looked as if she tried. "Do you mean that?"

He meant another matter. "To have only made us free."

Jean protested with all her woe. "It's her triumph—that our freedom is horrible!"

Tony hesitated; then his eyes distinguished in the outer dusk Paul Bream, who had appeared at the long window

which, in the mild air, stood open to the terrace. "It's horrible," he gravely replied.

Jean had not seen Paul; she only heard Tony's answer. It touched again the source of tears; she broke again into choking sobs. So, blindly, slowly, while the two men watched her, she passed from the room by the door at which she had entered.

XXXIII.

"You're looking for me?" Tony quickly asked.

Paul, blinking in the lamplight, showed the dismal desert of his face. "I saw you through the open window, and I thought I would let you know—"

"That someone wants me?" Tony was all ready.

"She hasn't asked for you; but I think that if you could do it—"

"I can do anything," said Tony. "But of whom do you speak?"

"Of one of your servants—poor Mrs. Gorham."

"Effie's nurse?—she has come over?"

"She's in the garden," Paul explained. "I've been floundering about—I came upon her."

Tony wondered. "But what is she doing?"

"Crying very hard—without a sound."

"And without coming in?"

"Out of discretion."

Tony thought a moment. "You mean because Jean and the Doctor—?"

"Have taken complete charge. She bows to that, but she sits there on a bench—"

"Weeping and wailing?" Tony asked. "Dear thing, I'll speak to her."

He was about to leave the room in the summary manner permitted by the long window when Paul checked him with a quiet reminder. "Hadn't you better have your hat?"

Tony looked about him—he had not brought it in. "Why?—if it's a warm night?"

Paul approached him, laying on him as if to stay him a heavy but friendly hand. "You never go out without it. Don't be too unusual."

"I see what you mean—I'll get it." And he made for the door to the hall.

But Paul had not done with him. "It's much better you should see her—it's unnatural you shouldn't. But do you mind my just thinking for you the least bit—asking you for instance what it's your idea to say to her?"

Tony had the air of accepting this solicitude; but he met the inquiry with characteristic candour. "I think I've no idea but to talk with her of Effie."

Paul visibly wondered. "As dangerously ill? That's all she knows."

Tony considered an instant. "Yes, then—as dangerously ill. Whatever she's prepared for."

"But what are *you* prepared for? You're not afraid—?" Paul hesitated.

"Afraid of what?"

"Of suspicions—importunities; her making some noise."

Tony signified a negative. "I don't think," he said very gravely, "that I'm afraid of poor Gorham."

Paul looked as if he felt that his warning half failed. "Everyone else is. She's tremendously devoted."

"Yes—that's what I mean."

Paul sounded him a moment. "You mean to *you*?"

The irony was so indulgent—and all irony, on this young man's part, was so rare—that Tony was to be excused for not perceiving it. "She'll do anything. We're the best of friends."

"Then get your hat," said Paul.

"It's much the best thing. Thank you for telling me." Even in a tragic hour there was so much in Tony of the ingenuous that, with his habit of good-nature and his hand on the door, he lingered for the comfort of his friend. "She'll be a resource—a fund of memory. We can always talk."

"Oh, *you're* safe!" Paul went on.

It had now all come to Tony. "I see my way with her."

"So do I!" said Paul.

Tony fairly brightened through his gloom. "I'll keep her on!" And he went by the front.

Left alone, Paul closed the door on him, holding it a minute and lost evidently in reflections of which he was the subject. He exhaled a long sigh that was burdened with many things; then, as he moved away, his eyes attached themselves, as if in sympathy with a vague impulse, to the door of the library. He stood a moment irresolute; after which, deeply restless, he went to take up the hat that, on coming in, he had laid on one of the tables. He was in the act of doing this when the door of the library opened and Rose Armiger stood before him. She had, since their last meeting, changed her dress and, arrayed for a journey, wore a bonnet and a long, dark mantle. For some time after she appeared no word came from either; but at last she said: "Can you endure for a minute the sight of me?"

"I was hesitating—I thought of going to you," Paul replied. "I knew you were there."

At this she came into the room. "I knew you were here. You passed the window."

"I've passed and repassed—this hour."

"I've known that too, but this time I heard you stop. I've no light there," she went on, "but the window, on this side, is open. I could tell that you had come in."

Paul hesitated. "You ran a danger of not finding me alone."

"I took my chance—of course I know. I've been in dread, but, in spite of it, I've seen nobody. I've been up to my room and come down; the coast was clear."

"You've not then seen Mr. Vidal?"

"Oh yes—him. But he's nobody." Then, as if conscious of the strange sound of this: "Nobody, I mean, to fear."

Paul was silent a moment. "What in the world is it *you* fear?"

"In the sense of the awful things you know? Here on the spot nothing. About those things I'm quite quiet. There may be plenty to come; but what I'm afraid of now



"How can you ever forgive me?"

is my safety. There's something in that—!" She broke down; there was more in it than she could say.

"Are you so sure of your safety?"

"You see how sure. It's in your face," said Rose. "And your face—for what it says—is terrible."

Whatever it said remained there as Paul looked at her. "Is it as terrible as yours?" he asked.

"Oh, mine—mine must be hideous; unutterably hideous for ever! Yours is beautiful. Everything, everyone here is beautiful."

"I don't understand you," said Paul.

"How should you? It isn't to ask you to do that that I've come to you."

He waited in his woeful wonder. "For what have you come?"

"You can endure it, then, the sight of me?"

"Haven't I told you that I thought of going to you?"

"Yes—but you didn't go," said Rose. "You came and went like a sentinel, and if it was to watch me—"

Paul interrupted her. "It wasn't to watch you."

"Then what was it for?"

"It was to keep myself quiet," said Paul.

"But you're anything but quiet."

"Yes," he dismally conceded; "I'm anything but quiet."

"There's something, then, that may help you: it's one of two things for which I've come to you. And

there's no one but you to care. You may care a very little: it may give you a grain of comfort. Let your comfort be that I've failed."

Paul, after a long look at her, turned away with a vague, dumb gesture, and it was a part of his sore trouble that, in his wasted strength, he had no outlet for emotion, no channel even for pain. She took in for a moment his clumsy, massive misery. "No—you loathe my presence," she said.

He stood awhile in silence with his back to her, as if, within him, some violence were struggling up; then with an effort, almost with a gasp, he turned round, his open watch in his hand. "I saw Mr. Vidal" was all he brought out.

"And he told you too he would come back for me?"

"He said there was something he had to do, but that you would meanwhile get ready. He would return immediately with a carriage."

"That's why I've waited," Rose replied. "I'm ready enough. But he won't come."

"He'll come," said Paul. "But it's more than time."

She drearily shook her head. "Not after getting off—not back to the horror and the shame. He thought so; no doubt he has tried. But it's beyond him."

"Then what are you waiting for?"

She hesitated. "Nothing—now. Thank you." She looked about her. "How shall I go?"

Paul went to the window; for a moment he listened. "I thought I heard wheels."

She gave ear; but once more she shook her head. "There are no wheels, but I can go that way."

He turned back again, heavy and uncertain; he stood wavering and wondering in her path. "What will become of you?" he asked.

"How do I know and what do I care?"

"What will become of you? what will become of you?" he went on as if he had not heard her.

"You pity me too much," she answered after an instant. "I've failed, but I did what I could. It was all that I saw—it was all that was left me. It took hold of me, it possessed me: it was the last gleam of a chance."

Paul flushed like a sick man under a new wave of despair. "A chance for what?"

"To make him hate her. You'll say my calculation was grotesque—my stupidity as ignoble as my crime. All I can answer is that I might, none the less, have succeeded. People *have*—in worse conditions. But I don't defend myself—I'm face to face with my mistake. I'm face to face with it for ever—and that's how I wish you to see me. Look at me well!"

"I would have done anything for you!" Paul broke out, as if all talk with her were vain.

She considered this; her dreadful face was lighted by the response it kindled. "Would you do anything now?" He answered nothing; he seemed lost in the vision of what was carrying her through. "I saw it as I saw it," she continued: "there it was and there it is. There it is—there it is," she repeated in a tone sharp, for a flash, with all the excitement she contrived to keep under. "It has nothing to do now with any part of me—any other possibility even of what may be worst in me. It's a storm that's past, it's a debt that's paid. I may literally be better." At the expression this brought into his face she interrupted herself. "You don't understand a word I say!"

He was following her—as she showed she could see—only in the light of his own emotion; not in that of any feeling that she herself could present. "Why didn't you speak to me—why didn't you tell me what you were thinking? There was nothing you couldn't have told me, nothing that wouldn't have brought me nearer. If I had known your abasement—"

"What would you have done?" Rose demanded.

"I would have saved you."

"What would you have done?" she pressed.

"Everything."

She was silent while he went to the window. "Yes, I've lost you—I've lost you," she said at last. "And you were the thing I might have had. He told me that, and I knew it."

"He told you?" Paul had faced round.

"He tried to put me off on you. That was what finished me. Of course they'll marry," she abruptly continued.

"Oh, yes, they'll marry."

"But not soon, do you suppose?"

"Not soon. But sooner than they think."

Rose looked surprised. "Do you already know what they think?"

"Yes—that it will never be."

"Never?"

"Coming about so horribly. But some day—it *will* be."

"It *will* be," said Rose. "And I shall have done it for him. That's more," she said, "than even you would have done for me."

Strange tears had found their way between Paul's close lids. "You're too horrible," he breathed; "you're too horrible."

"Oh, I talk only to you: it's *all* for you. Remember, please, that I shall never speak again. You see," she went on, "that he daren't come."

Paul looked afresh at his watch. "I'll go with you."

Rose hesitated. "How far?"

"I'll go with you," he simply repeated.

She looked at him hard; in her eyes too there were tears. "My safety—my safety!" she murmured.

Paul went round for his hat, which, on his entrance, he had put down. "I'll go with you," he said once more.

Still, however, she hesitated. "Won't he need you?"

"Tony?—for what?"

"For help."

It took Paul a moment to understand. "He wants none."

"You mean he has nothing to fear?"

"From any suspicion? Nothing."

"That's his advantage," said Rose. "People like him too much."

"People like him too much," Paul replied. Then he exclaimed: "Mr. Vidal!"—to which, as she looked, Rose responded with a low, deep moan.

"I mean you have such a pull. You'll meet nothing but sympathy."

Tony looked indifferent and uncertain; but his optimism finally assented. "I daresay I shall get on. People perhaps won't challenge me."

"They like you too much."

Tony, with his hand on the door, appeared struck with this; but it embittered again the taste of his tragedy. He remembered, with all his vividness, to what tune he had been "liked," and he wearily bowed his head. "Oh, too much, my boy," he said as he went out.

THE END.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

In some reminiscences of Canon Liddon, Mr. Stead mentions the interesting fact that the nomination of Bishop Temple for the See of London, which was first pressed in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was due to Dr. Liddon, who strongly urged upon Mr. Stead the importance of transferring Dr. Temple from Exeter to the Metropolis. This is a proof that Liddon's sympathies were broader than was generally thought. As to Liddon himself never having been made a Bishop, Mr. Stead says that Dean Church held that the gifts of Liddon, great and peculiar as they were, were not exactly those best adapted for the government of a diocese. Dr. Liddon always disclaimed

shortly be called for from the united Episcopate in England, I am specially anxious not in the meantime to lay down rules by my individual authority. The occasion is eminently one which calls for the exercise of a quiet and reasonable judgment on the part of the clergy. Very great harm may be done to the Church's cause by rash and inconsiderate utterances or acts, or by a failure on our part to recognise the difficulties of the position in which good men, misled by ignorance or personal feeling, may find themselves irrevocably placed." This evidently means that the Bishop of Winchester is not prepared to fight the matter out to the bitter end.

The new Archdeacon of Craven is the Rev. F. C. Kilner, Vicar of Bingley and Rural Dean. He is a graduate of Keble College, and was a missionary in South London for two years. He subsequently served at Portsea and Leeds.

The famous Church of St. Mary, Oxford, the University church, is still vacant, Mr. Butler, who was appointed to succeed the Rev. Cosmo Lang, having resigned. The emoluments are small, but the responsibility and opportunity are very great.

The Rev. J. B. Barraclough, Vicar of the Church of St. Thomas, Lambeth, makes the announcement that after the first week in October he will conduct a short service with a brief address every Wednesday at 1.25 p.m., for the benefit of the many people employed at the neighbouring factories and business houses of that busy district. The service is to end punctually at 1.55, so that it may fall



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: A CONVOY PASSING TO THE FRONT.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

Dennis had appeared at the window; he gave signal in a short, sharp gesture and remained standing in the dusk of the terrace. Paul put down his hat; he turned away to leave his companion free. She approached him while Dennis waited; she lingered desperately, she wavered, as if with a last word to speak. As he only stood rigid, however, she faltered, choking her impulse and giving her word the form of a look. The look held her a moment, held her so long that Dennis spoke sternly from the darkness: "Come!" At this, for as long a space, she fixed her eyes on him; then, while the two men stood motionless, she decided and reached the window. He put out a hand and seized her, and they passed quickly into the night. Paul, left alone, again sounded a long sigh; this time it was the deep breath of a man who has seen a great danger averted. It had scarcely died away before Tony Bream returned. He came in from the hall as eagerly as he had gone out, and, finding Paul, gave him his news: "Well—I took her home."

Paul required a minute to carry his thoughts back to Gorham. "Oh, she went quietly?"

"Like a bleating lamb. She's too glad to stay on."

Paul turned this over; but as if his confidence now had solid ground he asked no question. "Ah, you're all right!" he simply said.

Tony arrived at the door through which Jean had left the room; he paused there in surprise at this incongruous expression. Yet there was something absent in the way he choed "All right!"

any desire to be a Bishop. "They all become great overgrown clerks," he would say, "weighed down with the mere secretarial duties of administration until they have not time to think of their proper business. It is not a post anyone would covet for himself."

An interesting discovery has been made in connection with the story-books of Little Gidding contained in the British Museum. The handwriting throughout the three folio volumes is Nicholas Ferrar's own. Mr. Ferrar, of Dunmurry, Ireland, possesses an autograph letter of Nicholas Ferrar. It has been carefully compared with the books, and the handwriting is undoubtedly the same.

Should the clergy wear clerical dress during their holidays? The Bishop of London thinks so. He considers that a priest is never, or ought never to be, out of harness, even though he be turned out to grass for a time. "Remember," says the Bishop, "once a priest, always a priest. You may remain in England or you may go abroad; you may be on board ship or ashore; remember, wherever you go you will be a priest."

It is not generally known that Sir Joseph Lister, the President of the British Association, is of Quaker extraction, was educated at a Quaker school, and still maintains a close association with the body.

The Dean of Jersey has refused to grant licenses for marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Whether it will be found possible or not to refuse those who contract such marriages the ordinary ministrations of the Church is not yet clear. The Bishop of Winchester, writing to the Dean of Jersey, says: "Every such case must, in my judgment, be treated upon its own merits, and in view of the possibility that a formal expression of opinion upon the subject may

well within the regulation dinner-hour. It will be interesting to see how far the attendance will encourage the hard-working Vicar to persevere in his undertaking."

The annual festival of the Church of England Temperance Society will this year be held at Canterbury on Oct. 17 and four following days. Special services and meetings are arranged for each day, and among the well-known Church dignitaries who will preach and deliver addresses are the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Dover, and the Dean of Canterbury.

The Archbishop of Canterbury will return from the visit to Ireland on which he set forth last week about the middle of October, and on the twenty-first of the month he is announced to preach at St. Paul's Cathedral at the festival service of the Guild of St. Luke, the ecclesiastical organisation of the medical profession. The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs of the City of London will attend the service in State.

A well-known Churchwoman has passed away in the person of Mrs. Charlotte Ward, the authoress of "Lending a Hand; or, Help for the Working Classes," and other works. Mrs. Ward was a sister of the Bishop of Exeter, and married the late Rev. E. L. Ward, formerly Rector of Blendworth.

V.

NEW STORY BY F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

In our Next Number we shall publish the opening chapters of a New Story by F. FRANKFORT MOORE, entitled "THE JESSAMY BRIDE," with Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.



ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST SECTIONS OF THE NEW GUN-BOAT AT KOSHEH FROM WADY HALFA: ALL HANDS TURNING OUT TO WELCOME THEM.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.



HAULING BOATS UP FROM THE RIVER.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



A FATIGUE PARTY EMPLOYED IN BRICKMAKING EXECUTING A "FANTASY," OR IMPROMPTU DANCE, IN HONOUR OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE GUN-BOATS.



PASSAGE OF A GUN-BOAT THROUGH THE JURASH RAPID.

THE TURKISH CRISIS.

From Sketches by Paolo Caliari, Constantinople.



FUAD PASHA REPULSING A BAND OF KURDS WHO MADE AN ATTEMPT TO LAND AT KADI-KIOL, OPPOSITE CONSTANTINOPLE, TO MASSACRE ARMENIANS.



THE TURKISH RED CROSS SOCIETY CARTING AWAY THE DEAD AFTER A MASSACRE.

T H E T U R K I S H C R I S I S .

From a Sketch by Paolo Caliari, Constantinople.



THE MASSACRE IN THE KASSIM PASHA QUARTER, CONSTANTINOPLE.

During this massacre an Armenian woman was robbed and then compelled to witness the beheading of her two children.

LITERATURE.

MRS. COWDEN CLARKE'S REMINISCENCES.

My Long Life. By Mary Cowden Clarke. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—The wonderful old lady of eighty-seven who now sits in her cheerful room, "revelling in her beloved poets and some very favourite novels," wearing "the rose-coloured spectacles" of good humoured toleration, and living on her memories, as she tells us in the touching verses which conclude her volume, has, indeed, something to remember. The very sound of her name evokes others that are household words with us. Opposite her on the library shelf, as she writes, is a bound copy of Lamb's "Adventures of Ulysses," presented by "Charles Cowden Clarke to Mary Victoria Novello." That is the maiden name of the authoress of these reminiscences, and the well-garnished tablets of her memory, which now, in the eventide of life, she cons with such pleasure, hold pictures of some of the greatest names of the earliest part of this century. Those two greatest ones, Keats and Shelley, passed merely across her horizon in early youth, but the young girl even then had the insight to realise their future predominance and to give her hero-worship where it was due. Leigh Hunt, William Hazlitt, and Charles Lamb were intimates in her father's house, and she records many a trivial incident connected with them that has its weight now. If it had not been for Mary Novello, we should never have known that the modest sister of Elia could make a very pretty pun, though the most feeble performances of her brilliant brother in that line are recorded. It is impossible to read these memoirs, instinct with cheerfulness and the spirit of content, without seeing that Mrs. Cowden Clarke was no pessimist. Indeed, it would be difficult to suffer from *tedium vite* in Vincent Novello's house, in which the union of musical, theatrical, and literary interests combined to keep up that sense of movement which is the very spring of life. Mary Cowden Clarke enjoyed her life to the full, and recorded its *va et vient* with all the zest of a potential journalist. She went to first-night performances with her clever husband, who was a dramatic critic, and witnessed the debut of many a famous theatrical luminary, including some of those now forgotten lights of the stage so enthusiastically and eagerly commented on by Charles Lamb. Her own tendency was towards literature, but it is pretty to hear her tell of her little sister Clara, who inherited Vincent Novello's musical faculty, being called to the piano to sing "Di tanti palpiti" with her doll under her arm. She herself learnt Latin with Mary Lamb, and wrote in the papers; Charles Dickens was her editor. Charles Cowden Clarke edited a periodical, "The Repertory of Patent Inventions," of which no member of his family was ever known to have read a line! The work of his wife's life was, of course, her "Annotation of Shakspeare," begun in 1863, and finished only nine years after. It gained her great credit, both in England and America. Most girls have read her versions of the girlhood of Shakspeare's heroines. It is a delicate task to manipulate the early histories of those crystallised pieces of perfection, Rosalind, Imogen, and Portia, but Mrs. Cowden Clarke acquitted herself of the task very gracefully, with something of the spirit with which her friend and master, Charles Lamb, would have handled the theme. The latter part of this volume of memoirs concerns itself with Mrs. Cowden Clarke's life abroad; it cannot compare in interest with the annals of Craven Hill and Oxford Street—or the Oxford Road, as it was called then.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The author of "A Drama in Dutch" has given us in *The World and a Man* (Heinemann) one of the cleverest and dreariest novels of the day. He disclaims in his preface any intent to teach a doctrine or prove a problem, yet he sacrifices all the interest and the promise of an absorbing story to the propagation of the forlorn gospel that "The earth rolls on in her meaningless course through the great spaces, bursting into tiny bubbles of life in response to the embrace of the solar heat"; that man and the humblest insect perish alike and indifferently and eternally; that justice and injustice, morality and immorality, are merely human conceptions and inventions; and that blind nature has blundered upon but "one great grim jest—sex." All this may be as true as it is trite, and may also be legitimately the moral of a novel, but it might have been preached—and much more effectively preached—without choking up the channel through which it is conveyed. That a story which begins in an Arethusan fountain, and widens into a crystal-clear stream, should become a sewer, is neither unnatural nor inartistic; but that the sewer should lose itself in sands is fatal from the novel-reader's point of view. Of course, if the author's avowed object—"to exhibit a character through the medium of thought and conduct"—could be attained only by the sacrifice of what he terms "symmetry of circumstance," "The World and a Man" would be justified by its preface; but surely the novelist should be master of an analogous art to the gardener's—that of allowing each flower fair play while grouping it harmoniously with others to their mutual advantage. Besides, the "hero," to the clinical record of whose degradation everyone is sacrificed, is so poor a creature that you would much prefer to follow the fortunes of any of the other leading characters who are one and all swept off the board when your interest in their moves is at its height. It is as well, perhaps, to warn those who object to unveiled vice that there are a couple of objectionable scenes in the book.

Honor Ormthwaite (Richard Bentley) is a tale of a silk purse being made out of a sow's ear; but the entire process of the manufacture is as carefully concealed from us as

that of "The Emperor's New Clothes" in Hans Andersen's story. You are simply told that a coarse, ill-conditioned, vindictive, and heartless labourer's wife, during five years' service in a farmer's household, and one year's education under a lady abroad, developed into the most refined, fascinating, intellectual, and noble-natured of women. Even this is more credible than that all the facts of her origin, and of her marriage to Sir Gregory, which were known to everyone in a neighbouring county, should have baffled the indefatigable curiosity alike of the drawing-rooms and of the servants' halls of the scene of her apotheosis. But, indeed, the author herself seems to forget



CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE.
From "My Long Life." (T. Fisher Unwin.)

how open was the secret. In one page she tells us that if the heroine's mix of a maid, and supposed daughter, Lydia, had known anything of her ladyship's antecedents, she must have taunted her therewith; while, a little farther on, we find that the girl knew of her mistress's relation to another supposed mother of hers (for Lydia, like Homer, was attributed to many authors) who was not plebeian only, but disreputable. Altogether, "Honor Ormthwaite" is a crude and careless production.

The Great Famine in Ireland (Downey and Co.) is the defence of an official, and an Irish official at that, of the relief measures and administration—*cujus pars minima fuit*—of the Government during that appalling visitation. To this the author, Mr. W. P. O'Brien, has added a retrospect of the fifty years since 1845 in Ireland, and a sketch of the present condition and future prospects of the congested districts. Nothing that Mr. O'Brien can say—and all that could be said he puts forcibly forward—will persuade us that a system of relief was humanly perfect which failed to prevent the heart-sickening horrors described in a County Cork magistrate's letter to the



VILLA NOVELLO, GENOA, MRS. COWDEN CLARKE'S ITALIAN RESIDENCE.
From "My Long Life." (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Duke of Wellington. The scenes he describes were occurring all over the South and West of the country, and the cry that went up from all these thousands "there was no voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded." Here is a single extract from that terrible letter, whose unexaggerated statements stirred all England—except, apparently, the Iron Duke, to whom it was addressed—to the rescue. "My neckcloth was seized from behind by a grip which compelled me to turn. I found myself grasped by a woman with an infant, just born, in her arms, and the remains of a filthy sack across her loins—the sole covering of herself and babe. The same morning the police opened a house on the adjoining lands, which was observed shut for many days, and two frozen corpses were found lying upon the mud floor half devoured by

the rats. A mother was seen on the same day to drag out the corpse of her child, a girl about twelve, perfectly naked, and leave it half covered with stones. In another house, within five hundred yards of the cavalry station at Skibbereen, the dispensary doctor found seven wretches lying, unable to move, under the same cloak—one had been dead many hours, but the others were unable to move either themselves or the corpse." It must, however, be admitted that Mr. O'Brien, if he fails to exonerate the Government, succeeds in inculcating the Irish middle and upper classes, whose supineness was answerable for an immense amount of preventable mischief and misery. What Mr. O'Brien says of the success of the late Mr. Tuke's emigration scheme is most interesting, and most characteristic is the generosity of the emigrants to their people at home. "In Clifden Union," writes Mr. Tuke, "containing a population of 24,000, from whence over 2000 emigrants were assisted, large sums have annually been received by their friends. In 1883-4 it was estimated that £2000 had been received, and in 1888 the amount was estimated at £8000. One gentleman told me that all the tenants on his estate received sums varying from £2 to £12. Two girls had sent £20 to their mother, others had sent £40, and in one case even £70 had been received by the parents of a girl."

We fancy the following statistics taken from Mr. Regan's opportune *Boer and Uitlander* (Digby, Long, and Co.) explains the whole Transvaal question: "The Witwatersrand Goldfield yields the world over twenty-five per cent. of its gold supply, although it was only in the month of May 1887 that the first output was registered. Besides the Rand mines, there are many others in the Transvaal, and the value of the total yield from the gold-mines of the State during last year was probably not less than 30,000,000." The luckless Boers, in their second trek or exodus, happened upon a land of Ophir, and everyone knows the sweet reasonableness of folk in gold-fever. "Auro loquente nihil pollet quævis ratio," a proverb which inclines us to doubt whether Mr. Regan's temperate statement of the Boer v. Uitlander case will get the hearing it deserves.

Mr. E. J. Goodman prefaces his *New Ground in Norway* (George Newnes) with a similar apology for its title to that he prefixed to his "Best Tour in Norway." As the "best" tour in Norway meant only the best to be made by those visiting the country for the first time, so "new" ground in Norway means ground new to ordinary travellers in search of the picturesque. This new ground is the southern part of the country—Ringerike, Telemarken, Saetersdalen—which has hitherto been inaccessible with any degree of comfort to the ordinary tourist. The roads were bad, the inns few, the farmhouse and station accommodation poor and primitive, while there were no steamers on the lakes and rivers. The Norwegian Government, the local authorities, and one or two private societies have so changed all that that South Norway is fast becoming as accessible and as comfortable as any other part of the country. For the rest, if it lacks the charms of the west and the north—the fjords, the bold coast scenery, the great mountain islands, the vast snow and glacier-covered fields, the waterfalls—it has its own distinctive and delightful attractions. "South Norway is a land of lakes and rivers and forests and mountains as beautiful as any to be seen elsewhere. It is essentially a green land, richly fertile in timber and foliage, possessing, so to speak, a clothed wildness in striking contrast to the more naked savagery of the North. The scenery is always beautiful, often grand, and sometimes even sublime." By the way, where are Mr. Goodman's home eyes when he notes the following as an ungraceful trick confined to the ladies of Christiania? Up to yesterday it was universal with our own ladies, while it is still in use among the inheritors of the left-off clothes and fashions of the "upper ten": "Why do the ladies of Christiania, as they walk along, almost invariably clutch their skirts with their left hand? I had never noticed this peculiarity before, but it was unmistakable. Nine out of ten of the matrons and maid who passed us thus grasped their dresses—not lifting them, mind, but simply holding the skirt."

Unlike the ordinary monotonous guide-book, Major Mockler-Ferryman's *In the Northman's Land* (Sampson Low and Co.) is of varied interest, for descriptions of routes and scenery are enlivened by folklore and relieved by fishing and shooting adventures. As the Major is obviously a sportsman first and a traveller and folklorist a long way after, his account of sport in the Hardanger country is naturally the most interesting part of the volume. His description of reindeer-stalking, especially, will tantalise, if it does not tempt English sportsmen to this district, which, however, has ceased to be so happy a hunting-ground as the Major first found it. As there were no less than thirteen Englishmen on his last visit shooting within twenty miles of his headquarters, he resolves to go farther afield on his next expedition. Our old friend the lemming figures, of course, in the Major's pages; but he offers no explanation, and knows of none, for their mad rush in tens of millions down the steep places of Norway to drown themselves in the sea. But the lemmings are not the only creatures that are seized occasionally with this mad impulse of migration, since in Iceland the squirrels and in Australia the opossums seem at times to be similarly possessed, like the Gadarene swine. In India, too, for days and days together swarms of white butterflies thick as snow-flakes fly past periodically in one direction, whence coming and whither going no one knows. Altogether the Major's book alone will suffice to convince the reader of his contention that no portion of Northern Europe contains more of general interest for the lover of scenery, the student of archaeology, geology, natural history and botany, the yachtsman, sportsman, and the tourist, than the fjords and fjelds of the Hardanger.

THE GREAT DYNAMITE PLOT.

The last few days have not brought any particularly sensational development in the unmasking of the great dynamite conspiracy partially exposed to the world by the arrest of the notorious "Number One" and his villainous

striking illustration of the admirable ingenuity with which the Scotland Yard authorities have kept pace with the movements of the four conspirators. The manner in which all four men have been shadowed from the time of their departure from America onward, through all their movements and counterfeit wanderings on the Continent, up to their simultaneous arrest at Boulogne, Glasgow, and Rotterdam, can only be described as masterly. A false move would have ruined the game; too much haste would have courted disappointment in the discovery of details. Under the delusion, therefore, that they were unwatched, Tynan and his associates were allowed to continue the forging of the chain of evidence against themselves and their dastardly designs, while all the time they were practically within the grasp of the English Criminal Investigation Department.

Attempts have been made in sundry quarters to discredit the theory which has associated Continental Anarchists and Nihilists with Irish-American dynamiters in the projected outrage, whatever its precise objects; but it is understood that the Detective Department of the Metropolitan Police has important evidence of the existence of some such union between the malcontents of these different persuasions.

We give a couple of Illustrations of the small house at Berchem in which the dynamiters were hard at work on the manufacture of explosives. Berchem is a suburb of Antwerp, and it was in Antwerp that much of the material for the bomb manufacture was obtained. The house, which stands in the Rue des Champs, was originally taken by Kearney, who, with Haines, remained in charge of the laboratory after Tynan's departure until they took alarm and fled to Rotterdam, where they were arrested. The later evidence shows that Bell also visited the house, as well as Tynan, and that he likewise purchased chemicals in Antwerp. The search made at Antwerp for the dynamiters' accomplices has not led to any fresh discoveries of importance, although the number of menacing letters demanding the release of the prisoners which the Belgian and French police authorities have received demonstrate the existence of many probable confederates, partially or perhaps wholly cognisant of the plot.

Our other Illustration represents Edward Bell, alias Ivory, before Mr. Vaughan at Bow Street Police Court. At this preliminary inquiry the prisoner behaved with extreme composure and nonchalance. His real name appears to be Edward Ivory, and his occupation is the keeping of a liquor-store in New York. He is only twenty-six years of age, and is possessed of some means.

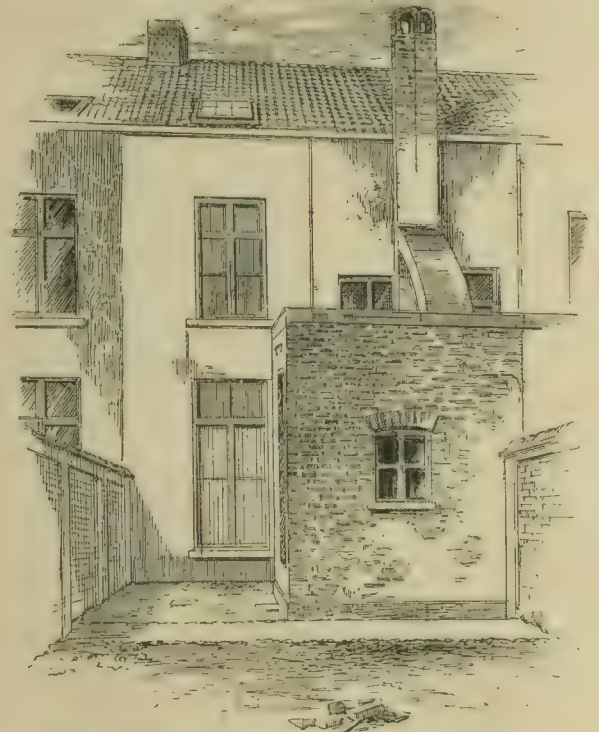
The chief question now to be decided before the prisoners can be brought to justice is that of extradition.

The two Antwerp prisoners, Kearney and Haines, will probably be handed over to the British Government as soon as the necessary formalities have been accomplished. Tynan, however, became an American citizen eight years ago, and is making the most of his privileges in order to



FRONT VIEW OF THE HOUSE OCCUPIED BY HAINES AND KEARNEY AT BERCHEM, ANTWERP.

associates, but the additional facts which have been brought to light have clearly established Tynan's connection with the illicit manufacture of bombs carried on in the Antwerp suburb by Haines and Kearney, and have all given



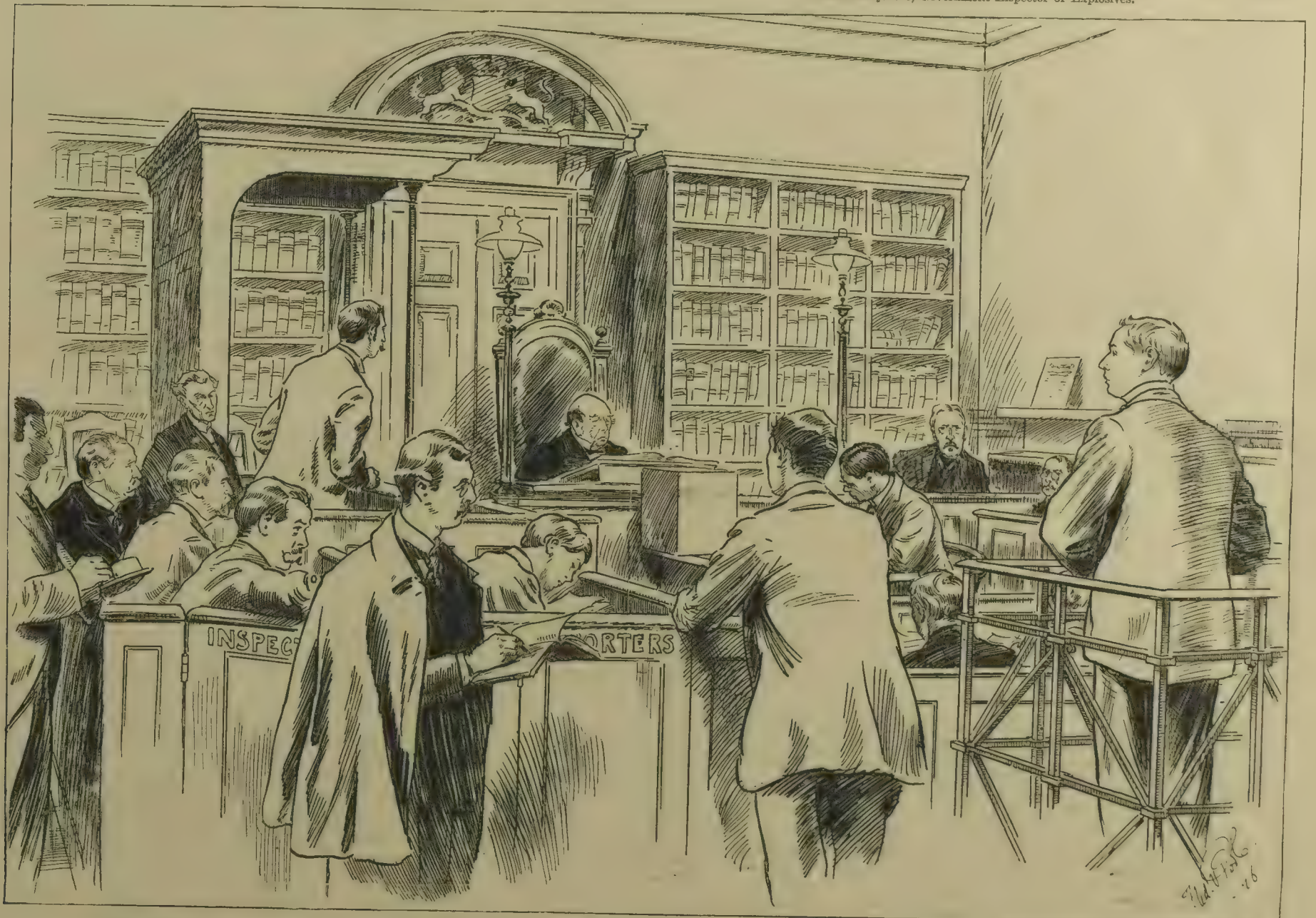
REAR OF THE HOUSE OCCUPIED BY HAINES AND KEARNEY AT BERCHEM, ANTWERP.

escape extradition. Apart from this loophole of escape, there are, it is true, other difficulties connected with the Extradition Treaty and its limitations, but these arise in the attempt to construe the treaty retrospectively, and his complicity in the present plot would probably serve to extradite "Number One" without reference to former offences.

Chief Inspector Melville.

Detective-Inspector Flood.

Colonel Majendie, Government Inspector of Explosives.



Detective-Inspector Quin.

Mr. Vaughan.

Chief Clerk.

Edward Bell or Ivory.

EDWARD BELL AT BOW STREET POLICE COURT.



"WHEN LUBIN IS AWAY."—BY G. G. KILBURNE, R.I.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have left Davos Platz behind me, and after a rest at Zürich and Basle, I find myself once more in the familiar and home-like Hôtel de l'Univers at Brussels. The outside charm of this familiar hostelry to my mind is its court. Why can't we have such courtyards at home? Save in a few old-fashioned hotels, you never see the open spaces in which the foreign architect revels, and for which we are all so thankful when we sojourn on the other side of the water. Along one side of the Univers court runs a glass overhead shelter. Beneath its welcome shade you can sit in peace and comfort when the rain pours down on the central area where the acacias grow. There on still days the rumble of the Rue Neuve and the Boulevard seems far away, and in the drowsiness of an autumn day, the drip of the fountain is the only sound that suggests life at all. Here a certain genial Glasgow Professor and I sat a while ago and fought our battles o'er again, as we marked the progress of things since first we knew one another—more years ago, alas! than I care to remember or reckon up. Here, in the twilight, if you are in a meditative mood, you can fitly sum up your totals in the matter of life and living, if you indulge in any such

the temple and as regards the height of the particular niche in which it is enshrined. Listening one night to the splendid orchestra in the Café Universel, after a series of admirable selections from the great masters and others, my ears were greeted with the familiar strains of "Her golden hair was hanging down her back!" I trust no foreigner may be led through this incident to make critical remarks on the decay of the English composer—but then the English are so droll.

What has of late days become known as "The Oxygen Home" has been established in London at 35, St. George's Square, S.W., for the cure of certain ailments by the free use of oxygen gas. This system of treatment, which seems to be specially adapted for the cure of old ulcers and non-healing sores, is the outcome of the ideas of Dr. G. Stoker, who had a long experience as Ambulance Surgeon in the Turkish Service, and who was also connected with the Stafford House Commission in South Africa. The idea of Dr. Stoker is that when non-healing or otherwise callous conditions are subjected to the constant influence of oxygen gas, they exhibit a tendency towards speedy repair. By means of a special apparatus, the limb or other part is placed in an oxygen environment, and some of the results attained in the very cases which are the despair of medical

TWO PICTURES.

In the two pictures here reproduced the artists have in each case resorted to the realm of poetry for their inspiration; but while Mr. T. M. Rooke has betaken himself into the romantic atmosphere of Mr. William Morris's ever-delightful "Earthly Paradise," Mr. Kilburne has found a homelier theme in the old song, "When Lubin is Away." Mr. Rooke's striking realisation of one of the most beautiful passages in the tale of "The Man born to be King," as set forth in "The Earthly Paradise," will doubtless be remembered by all visitors to the recent summer exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. The poet's narrative tells how "it was once foretold to a great King that he who should reign after him should be low-born and poor, which thing came to pass in the end, for all that the King could do." While hunting one day the King was filled with a foreboding that the son of a woodman was to be his successor, so he contrived against the child's life, but in vain. The artist has chosen the moment when Michael, the woodman's son, who had hitherto escaped the King's evil schemes against his life, lay sleeping by a fountain in an old-world garden such as Mr. Morris knows so well how to describe. Hither came the King's daughter,



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"THE MAN BORN TO BE KING."—BY T. M. ROOKE.

From the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

mental stocktaking at all. Here also you can watch the acacia-leaves go to sleep. The leaflets droop on their stalks and fold over in repose. To-morrow they will awake with the sun to the work of a new day, and once more resume duties they owe to the plant organism at large. It is clear there are other living beings than hotel visitors who alternate life's periods between wakefulness and sleep.

To-day I made a pilgrimage to Laeken for the purpose of renewing an old memory. Years ago, in the company of a friend who has "crossed the bar," I visited Laeken, prompted by a desire to see the tomb of Malibran. It is situated in the cemetery adjacent to the church, whose vaults hold the deceased royalties of the land. The tomb is unpretentious, and has a somewhat neglected look, but that Malibran's memory is still green is evinced by the fact that many pilgrims strew the interior with their cards as votive offerings in remembrance of a great artiste. There is a very nice walk, indeed, through the park of Laeken, which leads one past the Palace gates and the Observatory, and by a détour round towards the Brussels highway. I often feel surprised that so few English visitors to Brussels think of taking such a charming promenade. I have asked dozens of them if they know Laeken, its cemetery, its park, or its church, and the replies are almost invariably negative; wherefore this little tour may be recommended if you have an idle afternoon in the Belgian capital, and if you care for an agreeable walk through diversified surroundings.

Fame is a very relative matter indeed, both as regards the object which may come to be set on a pinnacle in

men—chronic and inveterate cases—have startled even the more sanguine supporters of Dr. Stoker's scheme. Even the growth of hair has been noted to be stimulated under the influence of oxygen, and this latter result would seem to offer hope to those who are given to lament their conformity with the customary civilised condition of baldness.

The Oxygen Home has been founded by a committee of philanthropic ladies and gentlemen, of whom Baroness Burdett-Coutts is a prominent member, and the measure of success which has attended Dr. Stoker's treatment may induce an extension of the sphere and influence of the original home to other cities and towns. There is nothing at all surprising in the idea that oxygen should possess curative qualities of the kind alluded to. It is itself nature's own disinfectant, and we know that in its allotropic form of ozone it exercises stimulating properties on the living organism. Oxygen, besides, is part and parcel of our food. It is an absolute necessity for the continuance of all life—animal and plant existence alike. Little wonder that it should be so efficacious in promoting that process of repair which, after all, is only part and parcel of nature's own healing method.

But none the less is credit due to Dr. Stoker for his share in noting and applying this principle of natural cure. Genius as often as not consists in seeing a fresh application of an already familiar fact or law, and in this case it appears to me Dr. Stoker has illustrated that aspect of mental practice and advance. I shall feel curious to see whether or not the medical profession at large will give Dr. Stoker's system a fair and unprejudiced trial.

Princess Cecily, with her attendant, and saw the goodly youth asleep—

And when she saw him lying there
She smiled to see her mate so fair,
And in her heart did love begin.

The maid stooped down and took from Michael's loosened hand a scroll, which she showed to her mistress. This document, to Princess Cecily's dismay, contained a charge from the King to his seneschal that the bearer should be straitly done to death. Swiftly the young Princess wrote in the stead of this cruel despatch another royal scroll, commanding the seneschal to show all honour to the bearer as the bridegroom-elect of the Princess, and to celebrate their nuptials without further delay. So when the King returned he found happiness and bridal rejoicings, and himself took Michael to his heart, right glad to be no longer at war with fate. For he reflected—

What little burdens had I had,
What calmness in the hope of praise,
What joy of well-accomplished days,
If I had let these things alone,
Nor sought to sit upon my throne
Like God between the cherubim.

And so, by right of his marriage with the young Princess, the man born to be King eventually fulfilled his destiny, and, with his lovely Queen, ruled long and well. It is high praise of Mr. Rooke's picture to say that it is worthy of its subject. It has just the right romantic atmosphere which is an essential part of Mr. Morris's poem.

In "When Lubin is Away," Mr. Kilburne has treated his homelier subject with a touch of tender sentiment which is very charming in its quiet way.

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

It is a pity to spoil a good story, but Truth will prevail. Not long since I published in this column, from the Stuart Papers at Windsor, a tale of Highlanders, captives among the Turks. Among these victims was Macdonell of Scothouse the Younger. The narrative says that he was thrown aboard an English vessel "mortally wounded," on the evening of Culloden, was shipped for the Colonies, and was captured by a Salee rover.

This, at all costs, cannot be correct. Mr. Murray of Broughton drew up in 1746 an account of the money which was entrusted to him after Culloden. Most of it was buried at the head of Loch Arkaig, but some was expended. Now, among the gentlemen cited as witnesses and vouchers by Murray of Broughton is this identical Donald Macdonell, the Younger, of Scothouse. There can be no doubt as to the authenticity of Murray's record, so, whatever Highlanders found their way to Lemnos (as described in the letter of Will Henderson from Moidart), the young laird of Scothouse was not of the number. Murray's paper was published by Mr. Robert Chambers.

Lord Rosebery lately proposed that some kind of memorial to Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson should be erected in Edinburgh. Nobody accuses Lord Rosebery of being a bad Scot, or a bad judge of literary merit, or an enemy of the reputation of Burns. But Mr. Robert Wallace, member for a division of Edinburgh, objects (in a letter to the *Daily News*) to Lord Rosebery's suggestion. Mr. Wallace admits that Mr. Stevenson was a "stylist," but his letter by no means gives us reason to think Mr. Wallace a judge of style. For the rest, Mr. Stevenson was "a middle-class prig." Middle class he was, like most of us, and Mr. Wallace may be a member of the Untitled Aristocracy. But surely pride of birth should not prejudice him against so charming a writer!

As to "prig," such words as "prig"—and also "bounder"—are of vague and arbitrary denotation. The charge seems to rest on Mr. Stevenson's early essay about Burns. He pointed out the callousness, the heartless unkindness, the fatuity exhibited by Burns in some of his amours. Burns's French biographer has not shirked the facts, which really cannot be neglected in any estimate of the poet.

The heart of Burns was large, kind, and generous; but he himself has sufficiently condemned, in published letters, those lapses in which, like Lancelot,

he was "less noble than himself." Of lawless love he says

It hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling.

Examples of petrification his conduct displays: the letter about Jean Armour is a familiar example. Is it "priggish" to say what Burns said? And did it not rather need courage in a very young Scot to tell the truth about the national idol—the man whose example, deplored by himself, is apt to be made an excuse for many things? Mr. Stevenson quotes from Principal Shairp the observation that "Burns would have been no Scotsman if he had not loved to moralise." Mr. Stevenson had that

who was the friend and encourager of younger Scottish writers, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Crockett, and others, was no despiser of his native land. It seems absurd that one should have had to reply to a charge so reckless and so wide of the mark. Are we to be infinitely more sensitive than the most sensitive of Transatlantic souls? Are we to call him a bad sneering Scot who has brought pilgrims from across the ocean to see his initials, carved on a tree at Swanston—to style him an enemy of his country whose last verses sing of the whaups that wail round the moorland graves of the Martyrs of the Covenant, as above the trenches where sleep the heroes of Culloden? The curlews cry over both, and by each resting-place watches Honour, "pilgrim grey," as Collins sang.

It is difficult to believe that the people of Edinburgh will side with Mr. Wallace. Mr. Stevenson's child-like pleasure in seeing his name blended with that of his "own romantic town" in the Edinburgh Edition of his works, was well known to his friends.

In a gift we esteem the motive, and, good art or bad art, such a gift as a recognition of his merit from the town of his youth, the country of his love, would, I am certain, have been dear to the author of "Kidnapped." I remember how pleased he was with his Edinburgh Edition; how elated at the thought that the truant little boy, the idle student, the briefless advocate, was now somebody, not in the world's eye, but in the eye of Edinburgh. And I remember answering that if the public would only purchase my books they might, for all I cared, be published at Kirkintilloch. His pleasure seemed comic then: now it appears touching, and in itself a sufficient reply to Mr. Wallace's aspersions about his "sneers at Scottish things." He was not a "blethering" fanatic about all things Caledonian, to be sure; he was a humorist as well as a patriot, and people like Mr. Wallace would only have diverted the exile of Samoa.

But what right have I to speak of good men? The

Church herself has condemned me? The Sacred Congregation of the "Index" has picked out Monsieur Zola and myself, alone of living men, and has put in the "Index" Monsieur Zola's "Rome," and the French translation of my "Myth, Ritual, and Religion." The book, in English, is out of print, so this is not an advertisement. It is not a roguish book, it is only a study of the barbaric element in Greek and Indian Religion and Mythology. How can this have offended the Sacred Congregation? Seriously, offence to any pious soul was very remote from my intentions. Nobody likes to be on the "Index": it is not a respectable position. Can a man appeal to the Pope? Now, if it had been Mr. Grant Allen I could have understood the Sacred Congregation, for I think him far from sound in many of his conclusions. One is taken, and another left.



Photo Lacroix, Naini Tal, India.

PICTURESQUE INDIA: WATERFALL BELOW PINDRI GLACIER.

On account of his bourgeois priggishness and Pharisaism, Mr. Wallace objects to a memorial, at least without a "qualification." What is a qualification? Shall we have a statue of Mr. Stevenson seated on the Stool of Repentance? Will that suit Mr. Wallace? He adds that Mr. Stevenson sneered at many things Scottish. Surely the pathos of his latest verses (just published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus) might answer this unworthy accusation. He who threw Allan Breck, James Mohr, Mackellar, the Master of Ballantrae, the shepherd of the Pentlands, the gardener at Swanston, David Balfour, Ensign MacTurk, Robin Oig, a crowd of living people "benorth Tweed," he who wrote the exquisite notes on Edinburgh, he



Act II.—The Drugging of the Captain (Mr. E. H. Vanderfelt) in "The Golden Hole."

Act III.—The Murder of Nellie Grey Miss Elith Jordan by the Captain.

Act V.—Wallaroo (Miss Laura Johnson) Shrieking over the Body of the Captain.

"THE DUCHESS OF COOLGARDIE," THE NEW DRAMA AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

I have just had a very amusing experience. I admit that a really spiteful woman would positively have gloried in it. However, the fun of the fair was its unexpectedness. We—a girl and I—after gazing for many days ruefully on our unwaved locks, dishevelled by wind and sea air, made up our minds to an expedition to a hairdresser whose fame had travelled far north, living some twelve miles from here; and possessed, so we had been told, of all the cunning of his trade, even to the special *ondulation* of his French confrères. We were, of course, ashamed to confess to our immediate friends the object of our voyage, but, borrowing a horse and trap from an amiable hostess, we set out in glee. Certain of being rendered beautiful for ever, or at least for twenty-four hours, and revelling in the thought of once again having trim and tidy and well-coiffed locks, we arrived to find the apartments of the hairdresser all our fancy had painted them. A beautiful plate glass window, through which waxen ladies in wondrous ringlets smiled invitingly at us, and attendants the most bland and the most courteous murmured: Would we take a seat? Would we be shampooed? Would we have the latest wave? We'd have everything! But we'd have it separately. We decided that the one should solace the other with gentle chatter while she was being tended. I was the first victim, but I only had my head shampooed, when, in order to allow it to dry at its ease before taking kindly to the waving process, I suggested that my friend, who eschewed the joys of a shampoo, should have her hair dressed. She sat down with a bright, complacent smile on her face, which I gradually saw disappear into a look of horror as the scorching irons twisted in and out of her luxuriant tresses, rendering them one mass of little frizzly crimps. I had never seen such an appalling spectacle in my life as that girl's head after this provincial idiot had wreaked his will upon it. Never were there so many puffs, twists, curls. The whole creation measured about half-a-foot square, setting out from the head another half a foot. And all the time the contortions of that dear little girl—she was too speechless with horror to remonstrate with the sinner—made me roar with laughter. It was so irresistibly comic to have come twenty-four miles for that! I confess I behaved rather badly, refusing, after I had seen the results of his tender care, to submit myself to it. Suddenly developing neuralgia, I vowed: I must go home at once, and twisting my hair up loosely I ran out of the shop, leaving my little companion in distress not alone to pay the piper, but to struggle for ten minutes in a vain endeavour to induce her hat to remain in any position upon her head. Then I congratulated her upon her Eiffel Tower coiffure in a manner that was positively heartless, and I even suggested that the history of our woes should be allowed to point a moral and adorn a tale of the disadvantage of vanity. But when the wind blew across the moor, and the crimped hairs floated gaily out in the breeze, and I could hear muttered imprecations quite unworthy of the pretty lips whence they issued, I had the grace to smuggle her into the house unnoticed, and upstairs into her bed-room, and to devote the next half-hour with my strong right arm and two brushes to obliterate the works of that eminent coiffeur, whose special wave had been learned in Paris.

As a matter of fact, I hear from that delightful centre of everything that is modish that the enthusiasm for waving is considerably lessened. The *ondulations* of the hair are loose and large from the nape of the neck and the forehead, and the most popular style of dressing consists merely of a very tight knot on the top of the head, which is concealed beneath the cachepeigne, added to every good hat. Good hats are numerous at the moment. One made of white felt, bound with black velvet, draped with yellow lace, tied with green ribbons, and trimmed with black and white feathers, has been described to me to awake my envy. And another of scarcely less worthy detail is made of bright violet felt, with violet ostrich-feathers at one side and a roll of bright green velvet hemming the brim.

Velvet rolls of contrasting colours are to be seen on several of the new models, and a black chip hat labelled "July," has been most skilfully renovated with an edge to its brim of bright violet velvet, the rest of the trimming being deeply, darkly, desperately black.

There appears to be an epidemic of red hats in London. These are made in felt and trimmed with cock's plumes

or with black velvet ribbons and black feathers. But, indeed, they are not specially becoming. Far more attractive are some biscuit-coloured felt hats, trimmed with upstanding wings of cream-colour, speckled with brown, right round the back; the front being decked with a broad bow, and the cachepeigne formed again of another bow. These bows are usually made in violet or green velvet; but, of course, if people have prejudices in favour of hats to match their costumes, it would be easy enough by their means to induce a happy union.

The continued popularity of the short Eton jacket is quite amazing, seeing that it suits not one woman out of twelve, for it looks its best when worn with a corselet, and of all styles trying to the figure it is the corselet. You need to have the figure of a fashion-plate, as a friend of mine once observed unsympathetically, to exploit the charms of the broad belt. Far more attractive is the Princess dress if cut by the artist. It is a difficult garment to manipulate, and one which the amateur should never attempt. The autumn fashions will see the coat and cape equally established as favourites, and both of these are made rather short; but whereas the cape has as much fullness as it had last year, the coat is almost guiltless of such. That is a most worthy gown illustrated, made with a green plaid skirt, a black cloth coat, and a vest of light buff whipcord. I am told the loose back is to be worn

again, but that it is to be so cut that it shows the waist clearly under the arms. Such mantles will require to be executed with considerable talent, but I am journeying back to the land of autumn fashions to-morrow; and then, and then only, shall I know of the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Seeing is believing, whilst to hear in my case is to disbelieve.

"Kildrummie" may be urged to consider the charms of a white Grecian or Empire gown, because either of these is so easily adapted to the ordinary ball-dress, besides being most becoming to slim figures. However, if she has a special fancy for wearing her hair down, why does she not imitate the ordinary costume of the wax doll?—this is cheap and effective. Some excellent ideas for fancy dress are given in a book published by Burnett, of King Street, Covent Garden, which costs one-and-sixpence and gives full explanations as to materials, etc. PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

It is exceedingly interesting that our Queen, so remarkable in many ways, should also be the longest on the throne of all the English sovereigns. It is a matter of no small consequence that she has proved for all time that a woman may not only fulfil great public duties at the same time that she is an excellent wife and mother, but also that the combination of these cares is compatible with an exceptionally long life and vigorous old age. In sixteen years and a half the Queen became the mother of nine children, all born healthy and some of them very fine specimens. Lord John Russell wrote in a letter from Windsor to his wife: "I envy the Queen nothing that she has except the rosy cheeks of Prince Alfred, so different from our poor boy's." Lady Canning tells how proud the Queen was of the size of Prince Arthur when he was a few months old: "She has been quite enchanted to find that he is bigger than the keeper's child at Balmoral of the same age, whose measurements and weight she has carefully brought back." Yet these children were all born in the midst of serious thought and care about politics. "We think and talk about nothing but politics," her Majesty observes in one of her letters, written a few days after the birth of one of her babies; and again, on another occasion, "I think our child ought to have among other names that of Turko-

Egypto, for we think of nothing else." The affection and wise rule of the Queen in her family is well known; and the love that it drew forth in return has been warmly uttered in the "Letters of the Princess Alice," the allusions in which to the happy childhood of the English royal family, and their admiring and loving feelings for their parents, were obviously written straight from her heart. Leaving aside, then, the wider influence of her Majesty's labours and of her character, it is no small thing that Queen Victoria has shown that a woman whose thoughts and time are filled with great affairs may *pari passu* become the mother of a large, healthy, well-trained, and happy brood of children, and may through it all remain with unimpaired vitality and live to a ripe old age. To us women this is, perhaps, the most interesting feature of the present interesting occasion.

Referring to a women's petition to the Queen on the subject of intoxicants and opium, to which the society headed by Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard has obtained seven million signatures, I notice that many newspapers are asking what good is expected to arise from this trouble, as the Queen cannot, if she would, take any sort of action in the matter? The answer is given in a happy phrase of Miss Willard's. As she puts it: "One certain end is to obtain an *arrest of thought*." Any circumstances, any action, that will bring a question before the general public in a way sufficiently striking to lead them to pause and think about it for even a few minutes is advantageous to the matter in hand.

As far as practical and immediate results go, however, the work of establishing a reformatory home for habitual inebriates of the female sex and the poorer class, in which Lady Henry Somerset is engaged, is more promising than filling sheets of petition to the Queen to do something or the other unknown. Jane Cakebread, having broken her doctor's ribs in a fit of violence, has been declared insane and tucked away in a madhouse from outraging society. But she has left many of her unhappy class, the confirmed female inebriates, out in the world. One miserable woman, named Eileen Sweeney, died in the workhouse last week, who had been convicted of being drunk in the street no fewer than two hundred and eighty times. Of the last thirty drinking years of her life of fifty-six she has spent more than half in prison. Surely it is folly to go on using the prisons for such people—the victims of a moral and physical disease. Whether it is an incurable disease is a question that Lady Henry will do public service of no small kind by settling. Her philanthropic enterprise is novel, in the degree to which it attacks the malady from the physical side, and endeavours to build up the constitution of the dipsomaniac to resist the abnormal craving.

There can be no doubt that domestic work is a skilled occupation that ought to be systematically learned. Just as it was once thought that any woman could nurse the sick by natural instinct, but now it is recognised that a full and careful training, both practical and theoretical, is necessary, so it is slowly beginning to be discerned that the duties of the cook, the household sanitarian and cleaner, and the children's caretaker must be learned before they can be properly performed.

Mitcham is odorous in the early autumn with great fields of lavender, the soil being specially suitable for its fine growth. The flower is reaped and turned at once into the most refreshing essence possible at the distillery of Messrs. John Jakson and Co. It is sold under the name of Jakson's Mitcham Lavender Water, and all lovers of this good old English scent, with its associations of old-fashioned still-rooms, and linen-chests sweetly odorous of cleanliness and sweetness, will like Jakson's perfume. A large part of the peppermint essence used in England is also prepared at the same distillery, and grown in that neighbourhood.

Mrs. Keveth, of Garrow St. Breward, Cornwall, as the mother of seven soldiers, holds what must surely be a unique position among her countrywomen.

Her Majesty has recognised the singular rarity of the case by sending Mrs. Keveth a cheque for £10 and a framed portrait of herself, which was presented to the sturdy Cornishwoman on a recent notable occasion at Bodmin. Six of her brave boys are serving in the county regiment, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, while her eldest son is a Royal Marine who served during the Egyptian campaign. Colonel Knox, the commanding officer of the



Photo Bond, Bodmin.
MRS. KEVETH.

regimental district to which the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry belongs, has been the means of bringing before her Majesty this remarkable case, and in presenting Mrs. Keveth with the royal gifts he had but one regret to express—the plain, bald fact that of the two thousand men in the regiment only seventeen per cent. are Cornishmen. On this remarkable occasion Mrs. Keveth and two of her boys were entertained at the officers' mess. The whole ceremony must have figured in the old lady's eyes as the red-letter day of her life.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J S WESLEY (Exeter).—We are glad the Spanish problem pleased you so much. It was certainly very neat. Both your own shall be reported upon together.

P HEALEY.—We have little doubt it will prove very acceptable.

H F W LANE.—The problem shall be examined.

N FREDDEN (Bristol).—We are much obliged for the game.

A WHEELER (Workop).—We will give both our careful attention.

Dr F ST (Camberwell).—Good, and shall appear shortly.

EUGENE HENRY (Lewisham).—Do you think our solvers would tolerate "elementary" problems in this column? You must study composition for a long time before you reach publication standard.

HERMIT.—In No. 2731, how can the Black King go to Kt 2nd when Q mates at K B 4th? The Knight at K 6th prevents it.

P H WILLIAMS.—Apparently very good. Thanks.

A C CHALLENGER.—In your problem after 1. K to B 4th White can continue 2. Q to R 5th (ch), etc.

A G FELLOWS.—Correct; it shall appear at an early date.

TORSEY WYCHE.—Your problem is accepted. Will you send your address?

E P VULLIAMY.—The three-move position is cooked by 1. P to Kt 4th (ch), followed by 2. B to B sq, etc.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2729 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2733 from Evans (Port Hope, Ontario) and F W Sheppard (Berlin, Ontario); of No. 2735 from W R Baillem, David Gallender (Edinburgh); E G Boys, W Seaman (Prague), J Hall, C E H (Clifton), and Arthur Wheeler (Workop).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2737 received from E Louden, Joseph T Pullen (Exeter), W R Baillem, J Hall, W H Williamson (Belfast), M Burke, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Sorrento, F A Carter (Maldon), T Chown, F Waller (Luton), Frank Proctor, Alpha, G J Veal, Arthur Wheeler, Twynan (Bournemouth), C E H (Clifton), P and L E B Ford (Cheltenham), L Penfold, F James (Wolverhampton), P J Candy (Croydon), Frank R Pickering, Fred J Gross, Castle Lea, T L Gilliespie, Albert Ludwig (Alsace), Frater, H E Lee (Ipswich), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), C M O (Buxton), W R B (Clifton), M Rieloff, J Desanges, C M A B, C E Perugini, F Anderson, J F Moon, Shadforth, F N Braund, S Davis (Leicester), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Charles Rossiter (Nantwich), Bluet, Oliver Feingla, W Shaw (Ross), M A Eyre, C F R I, Ubique, H Le Jeune, G Bennett (Doncaster), A T Elliott, A Butler (Tunbridge Wells), T G (Ware), R H Brooks, J Bailey (Newark), T Roberts, C W Smith (Stroud), R Worters (Canterbury), Meursius (Brussels), T R McCluggage (Lisburn), J S Wesley (Exeter), Hermit, Odham Club, Tanderagee, and W Seaman (Prague).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF DR GALVÃO'S PROBLEM received from G J Veal, J S Wesley (Exeter), F Waller (Luton), T Chown, F Anderson, R H Brooks, and Sorrento.

PROBLEM No. 2734 by C W (Sunbury).—1. R to K B 4th is the author's intended solution; but if Black play 1. B to Q 5th, there is no mate in two more moves.

CHESS IN HASTINGS.

Game played between Mr. J. H. BLACKBURNE and two AMATEURS.

The latter in consultation.

(Two Knights Game.)

WHITE (Amateurs). BLACK (Mr. B.).

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th

2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd

3. B to K 4th Kt to B 3rd

4. P to Q 4th P takes P

5. Castles B to B 4th

6. B to K Kt 5th P to Q 3rd

7. P to B 3rd B to K Kt 5th

8. Q to Kt 3rd

By this move Black obtains much the better opening.

8. B takes P (ch) B takes Kt

9. B takes P (ch) Kt to B sq

10. P takes B Kt to K 4th

This is really the winning move, and one of those positions now arises in which

WHITE (Amateurs). BLACK (Mr. B.).

Black is afforded an opportunity of a very neat finish.

11. B to R 5th P to K R 3rd

12. B takes Kt Q takes B

13. Q takes P R to K sq

14. B takes R

Although the White allies have a 1st position, they must leave White's previous move an oversight or they would not have ignored the trap it laid.

14. K to Kt 2nd Kt takes P (ch)

15. K to R 3rd Kt to R 5th (ch)

16. K to R 3rd Q to B 6th (ch)

17. K takes Kt P to Kt 4th

Black mates.

CHESS IN BRISTOL.

Game played in the Amateur Tournament between

MESSRS. JACOBS AND ATKINS.

(Illy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. J.). BLACK (Mr. A.).

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th

2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd

3. B to K 4th P to Q R 3rd

4. P to Q 3rd P to Q 3rd

5. P to Q 3rd P to K Kt 3rd

6. P to Q 3rd B to Kt 2nd

7. P to K R 3rd Kt to K 2nd

8. B to K 3rd Castles

9. P to K Kt 4th

Apparently to prevent Black advancing P to B 4th without risk, but the weakness of White's King's side position afterwards is obvious enough.

9. Q Kt to Q 2nd P to Q 4th

10. Q to K 2nd K to R sq

11. B to K 2nd P to Q 5th

12. B to K Kt 5th P to Q Kt 4th

13. B to B 2nd Q to Q 3rd

14. Kt to B sq Q to B 4th

15. B to Q 2nd P to Q R 4th

16. Kt (B3) to R 2nd P takes P

17. P takes P P to Kt 5th

Black has managed his Pawns on the

WHITE (Mr. J.). BLACK (Mr. A.).

Queen's side excellently, and must now get a good opening for his Knight at Q 5th or K 3th.

18. Q to K 3rd Q to Q 3rd

19. P to K R 4th P takes P

20. B takes P Kt to Q 5th

21. B to Q sq P to K B 4th

22. P to R 5th P takes Kt P

23. P takes P P takes B

24. B takes Kt Q to Q 3rd

25. Q to Kt 3rd

This effective move, prettily followed up as it is, soon brings the end within sight. The finish is as pretty and problem like as could be wished for in any game, and reflects much credit upon the winner.

26. R to Q Kt sq Kt to B 4th

27. Q to Kt sq B to K R 3rd

28. Kt takes P Q to B 6th (ch)

29. K to K 2nd B to Q R 3rd

30. R to R 3rd Q R to K sq

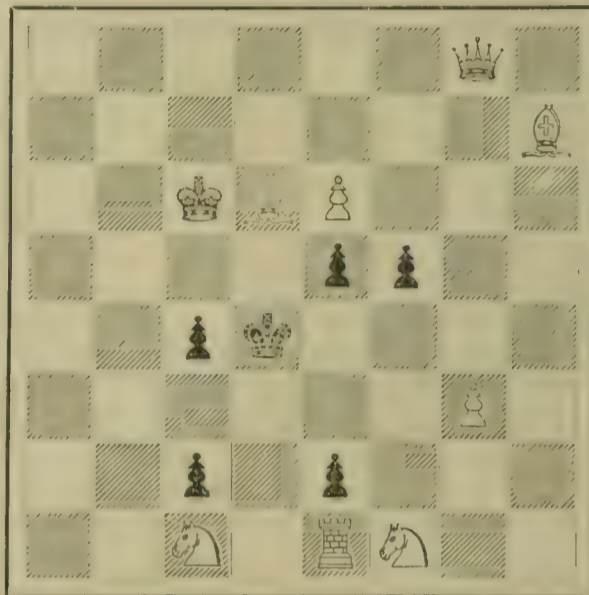
31. Kt takes B Kt to K 6th (ch)

In the best style. If R takes Kt, Black mates in two by R takes P (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2739.

By F. LIBBY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

The Budapest International Tournament will commence on Monday, Oct. 5. The competition is an open one, but, as at Nuremberg, the number of entrants will be limited in order to allow the contest to be finished in three weeks. The prizes are numerous, the chief among them being a silver Victoria Column presented by the Emperor of Austria.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 3, 1874), with a codicil (dated May 8, 1889), of Mrs. Elizabeth Summers, formerly of Fan Grove Lodge, Chertsey, Surrey, and then of 180, Riviera di Chiaja, Naples, who died on Aug. 5, at Florence, has just been proved in London by Henry Edwards Paine, of Chertsey, solicitor, the surviving executor, the value of the estate amounting to £103,516. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to St. George's Hospital, the Westminster Hospital, and the Female Orphan Society, Lambeth; £100 each to the Governesses' Society, the Sea-Bathing Society at Margate, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, all to be paid free from legacy duty; and if at the time of her decease she shall be still residing at Naples, £300 to the Mayor or Chief Magistrate, to be applied by him in relieving the necessitous poor of that city, and £300 to the Rev. H. J. Barff, the English chaplain there, to be applied by him for charitable purposes. She also bequeaths £6000, upon trust, for her niece Henrietta Mary Usher; £6000 each, upon trust, for Henrietta, Gertrude, Adelaide, and Mina, the children of her sister Kate Murray; £6000, upon trust, for Annie Murray, the widow of her nephew John Murray; all her jewels, trinkets, and ornaments to her said niece Henrietta Mary Usher; £3000 to her goddaughter Gertrude Elizabeth Usher; £500 to her executor Mr. Paine; £1000 to her companion Marie Bartolomi; £400 to her butler Giuseppe Redini; and £100 each to her two Neapolitan servants Teresa Troisi and Antonio, if living with her at the time of her decease. The residue of her real and personal estate, including her house called Villa Celeste, in Florence, she leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to her nephew John William Harris for life, then as to £3000 for his widow, and as to the balance of the said trust estate for all her nephews and nieces, the children of her sisters Gertrude Harris and Kate Murray, in equal shares. The legacy given to any nephew or niece who may predecease her is to go to his or her legal personal representative.

The will and codicil (dated May 31, 1890), with a second codicil dated May 30, 1896) of Mr. Thomas Benson, of 10, Belsize Crescent, Hampstead, who died on Aug. 25, were proved on Sept. 8 by Joseph Russell and John Goode, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £24,780. The testator gives £5000 each, upon trust for, and his household furniture and effects to, his daughters, Mrs. Mary Russell and Mrs. Annie Eves; £5000 upon trust for his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Marian Benson; £100 to John Goode; £50 to William Parrott, and £50 and his cottage at Denshanger, Northampton, to Charlotte Benson. He devises his house at Park Road, Beckenham, to his daughter Mrs. Russell; his house at Devonshire Street, Islington, and two at Regent's Park, to his daughter Mrs. Eves; and Nos. 15 and 17, Ball Street, Kensington, to his son William. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his son William and his son-in-law Joseph Russell in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1893) of Mr. William Rundell Hodge, of Magdala House, Buckhurst Hill, who died on

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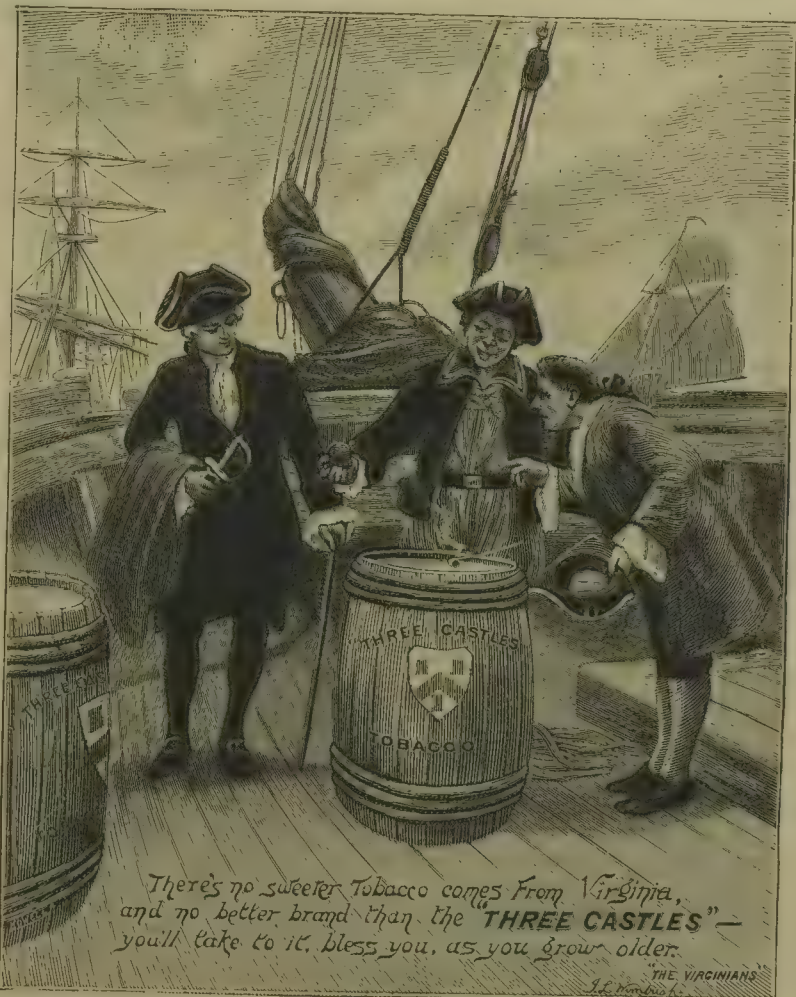


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Aug. 16, was proved on Sept. 12 by Samuel William Hodge and Richard Henry Hodge, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £23,289. The testator bequeaths £300 and his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Catherine Mary Hodge; £250 each to his grandsons, Alexander and Stephen; and £50 per annum each to his daughters, Catherine Louisa, Edith, and Grace Florence, during the life of his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her decease to all his children in equal shares.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Wigtown, of the settlement (dated July 13, 1894) of the Right Hon. Louisa Jane Henrietta Emily Hamilton, Countess of Stair, of Bargany, who died at Lochinch Castle on June 30, granted to Major the Hon. North de Coigny Dalrymple Hamilton, the son, as accepting executor nominate, was rescinded in London on Sept. 15, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £7167. Lady Stair was the daughter of the Duc de Coigny, and was in her



BRITISH SAILORS SIGNALLING BY HELIOGRAPH.

Photo by Lieutenant Stuart Nicholson, R.N.

On any important occasion when it is necessary for a squadron to leave its station, one vessel is generally left behind to receive and transmit any urgent message to the Admiral. This is done by means of the heliograph, which is set up on a suitable spot ashore, messages being first signalled by semaphore to the men in charge.

seventy-third year at the time of her death.

The will (dated March 4, 1893), with a codicil (dated Dec. 27, 1894), of Mr. Henry Dunckley, of 9, Egerton Road, Fallowfield, Withington, near Manchester, the well-known journalist, who died on June 29, was proved on July 28, in the Manchester District Registry by Miss Jane Helena Dunckley, the daughter, and the Rev. James Dunckley, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £6793. The testator bequeaths £100, his household furniture and effects (except plate and books), and £4000 upon trust, for his daughter Helena, and £100 to his brother James. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his children, Thomas Henry Dunckley, William Herbert Dunckley, Mary Edith Angus, and Elizabeth Henrietta Ogden, in equal shares.

The will of General Alfred Cooper, of 3, Russell Road, Kensington, who died on June 13, was proved on July 29 by Mrs. Thirza Cooper, the widow, and one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3705.

The will of Mr. Robert John Harrison, J.P., of

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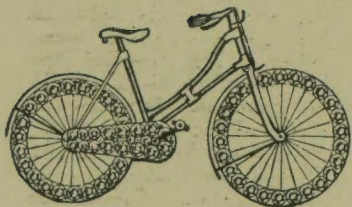
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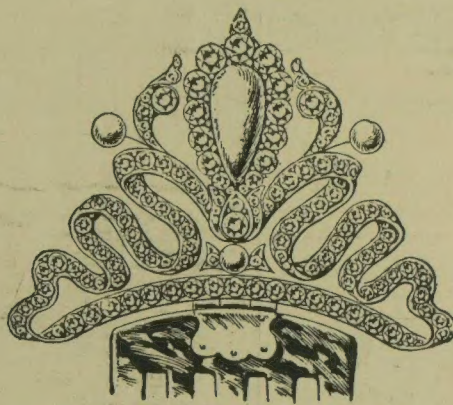
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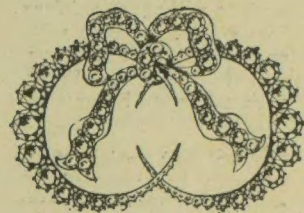
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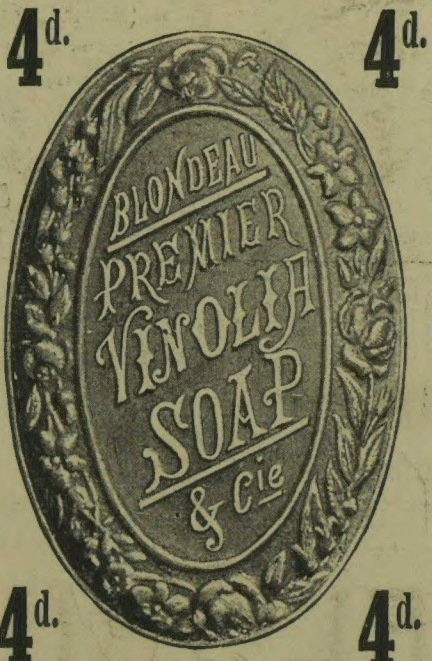
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Caerhowel, Montgomery, who died on June 6, was proved on Aug. 11 by Mrs. Charlotte Henrietta Emily Harrison, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £6417.

The will of Mr. Thomas Harman Keble, J.P., of 59, Grosvenor Place, Ramsgate, proprietor of *Keble's Gazette*, who died on July 10, was proved on Sept. 14 by Harman Keble, the son, and Henry Locke, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £1968.

The will of the Hon. Lady Emma Wyllie Harris, of Tetworth Park, Ascot, Berks, widow, who died on July 30, was proved on Sept. 8 by Lady Constance Catherine Harris and Lady Blanche Harriet Emma Baillie, the daughters and executrices, the value of the personal estate being £586.

The will of Mrs. Mary Hudson, of 71, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, widow, who died on June 27, was proved on Sept. 9 by Miss Mary Burgess Hudson, the daughter, and William Elliot Snow, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £1086.

The first match of the Australian cricketers' tour in America has resulted in a victory for the visitors, who opposed an eleven representative of the United States at Philadelphia. The former were dismissed in their second innings for a total of 180, George Giffen being responsible for a well-played 42. This left the United States Eleven 249 runs to get to win, but they got only 126.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

According to a contemporary, Balmoral is very old-fashioned. The walls of its passages are papered in a most inexpensive way and lighted by oil-lamps, ugly in design; the furniture, though substantial, is of a pattern and make current among our inartistic grandfathers, and the whole place lacks the charm we generally associate with the sumptuously appointed country-house, either teeming with valuable heirlooms or else decorated according to the latest canons of taste. I have never been at Balmoral, so am unable to judge in how far the statement is justified, but I should imagine that, if it be substantially correct, the Czar and the Czarina will mightily enjoy the change from the magnificent surroundings of their late quarters in Vienna and Breslau.

And unless I am greatly mistaken the august young couple will also enjoy their freedom of speech, by which I mean that they will be able to converse with their royal host and other relatives in the language they like best. It has been noticed that Nicholas II. has invariably responded to the toasts in his honour and to official utterances in French. Now it so happens that the Sovereign who speaks German and English quite as fluently as his own tongue has, like Kaiser Wilhelm, openly discountenanced the affectation of employing the tongue of Bossuet and Corneille where his own would serve as well—an

affectation to which most Russians of high degree are yet very prone, in spite of Alexander the Second's and Alexander the Third's opinion that the ruler of a country should use the idiom of his subjects. Years ago it was satirically said, by one who knew Russia very well, that a general or diplomatist would probably feel more flattered on being complimented by a Paris hairdresser on their facility in speaking the hairdresser's tongue than on being complimented on a diplomatic or military victory; and at the hour I write the reproach would still hold good. The young Czar's recent lapses into French were like Silas Wegg's lapses into poetry—not altogether disinterested.

With regard to the simple life led at Balmoral, it is altogether in accordance with that of the Czar's great-grandfather, grandfather, and father. To be fully convinced of this, one should read in Moltke's Letters a description of the bed-room in which Nicholas I. died; and it must be borne in mind that the great German was by no means fastidious.

For the last sixty years, in fact, the private existence of the Russian Sovereigns has been deliberately shorn of all pomp; though the Grand Dukes did not always follow their example. The Czars during that period were all, more or less, addicted to reading, but their main amusement, with the exception of Alexander II., was music. It has often been said that if Nicholas II. had not been born on the steps of a throne, he could have made a considerable

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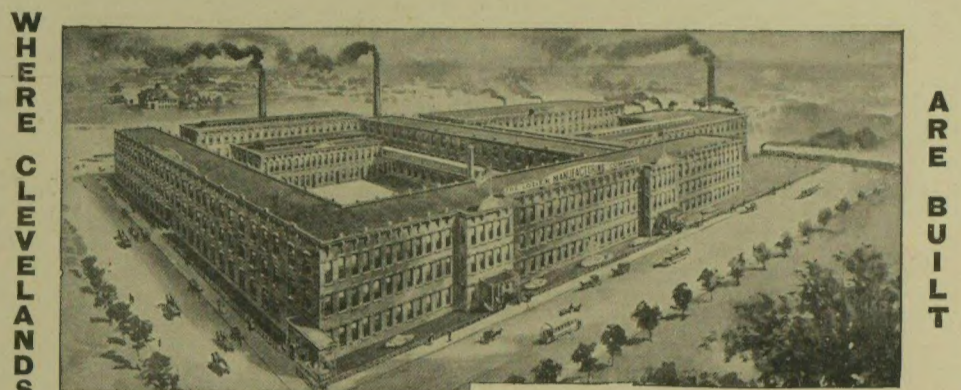
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fortune-by his voice. Allowing for a certain amount of exaggeration, there is no doubt that the young Czar has a very beautiful voice, and that he is a good musician. Not so good a musician, though, as his great-grandfather, who often used to sit down at the piano by the side of Rubinstein and "whistle" throughout a whole opera without making a single mistake.

Alexander II. was less enthusiastic. He was ever kind to musicians of worth, provided they did not expect him to listen to them. He preferred a game of whist, but at the end of it he invariably repaired to the grand drawing-room to compliment them. The Empress, on the contrary,

seemed never tired of listening: only once she considered that she was having too much of a good thing—namely, when some members of the family, with the great composer of "Lalla Rookh" at their head, invaded her apartment and positively frightened her. They were all masked, and treated her to a kind of "toy symphony." She mistook them for strangers. That was at Nice.

Alexander III., unless I am mistaken, had a particular affection for the trombone or a similarly worrying instrument. With all due respect to his memory, he was not a good performer, but his love of music was unquestionable. When the Duke of Edinburgh courted his sister, the suitor's

hardest ordeal was the frequent invitation to play duets. The reward was nearly always forthcoming in subsequent duets with Alexander the Second's brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, an excellent "cellist."

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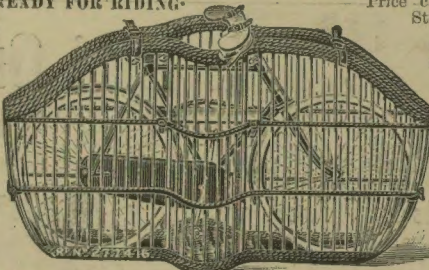
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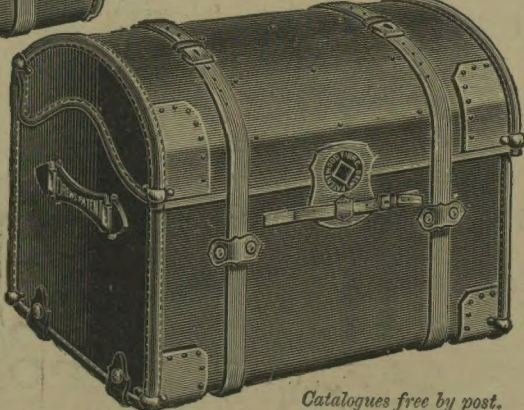


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